

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

N° 1972.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

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MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—

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M. ZOOLOGICAL HISTORY.—Mr. HUXLEY, F.R.S., will commence a Course of Twenty-four Lectures on the Structure, Functions, and Leading Varieties of Form of Living Beings, on Monday next, the 6th of November, at One o'clock, to be continued on each succeeding Friday and Monday, at the same hour. Fee for the Course, £2.

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REVIEWS.

The Ballad of Babe Christabel, with other Lyrical Poems. By Gerald Massey. Fourth Edition. D. Bogue.

The Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems. By James D. Burns, M.A. Johnston and Hunter.

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It may seem late in the day to offer critical remarks on the poems of Gerald Massey, which have been received with popular favour, and have already reached their fourth edition. The extravagant and indiscriminate praise bestowed on them by many literary reviewers will not deter us from recording a less flattering judgment, and from throwing out a few friendly hints to the young and aspiring author. We are the more encouraged to do this from the spirit, at once manly and unassuming, exhibited by him in the preface to the last edition of his poems. "Some of the critics," he says, "have called me a poet; but that word is much too lightly spoken, much too freely bandied about. I know what a poet is well to fancy I am one yet. It is a high standard that I set up myself, and I do not ask it to be lowered to reach my stature, nor would I have the poet's awful crown diminished to mete my lesser brow." With such humility and such aspirations we have high hope of eminence being attained, but only after patient and well-directed toil. It is the fashion now to contrast the natural and artificial schools of poetry, and, in praising the crude outbursts of genius and passion, to throw contempt on all that art and culture can bestow. Mr. Massey's flattering admirers are chiefly of this class. If we could gain his ear our advice would be to study earnestly some of the classic models of English verse. There he will find imagination controlled and directed by judgment, and genius refined by taste. All those poems which are destined to live in English literature have been the fruit of careful study and laborious art, as well as of natural inspiration. The writer who would please must consider not only what he says, but how he says it. If not embodied in right language, the noblest soul of poetry will have but a floating and fleeting existence. Often have the slightest sentiments and most trivial thoughts been perpetuated through melodious verse and well-poised diction, while far truer poetry has perished through the irregular or slovenly language employed. To attend to words and metres is thought, by many youthful bards and reviewers, to be beneath the dignity of natural genius. Thus we find Mr. Massey advised, by one critic, "not to put his muse into a pair of stays," and another, from whom we should have expected sounder sense, says that "these poems are such as Tennyson will read with approbation, while Jeffrey would have tossed them aside with derision." Jeffrey would have given Mr. Massey most wholesome and useful advice, and it would be well if his sound and judicious criticisms ex-

erted more influence on the young poets of the present day. In spite of all that has been written on the text, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, there can never be enough said as to the need of diligent, careful, well-directed study of the artistic part of poetry, if an author is ambitious of his works attaining a lasting popularity. The verses of Gray and Goldsmith and Cowper and Campbell will live long after the very names of bards who now despise them as "artificial" are forgotten. These remarks are suggested by the perusal of Mr. Massey's poems, but they are less applicable to him than to other young poets of the day, whose claims to be "filed on fame's eternal bead-roll" have been absurdly exaggerated, and whose hopes of renown will meet with corresponding disappointment. We believe that Gerald Massey may rise, by the sure though slow path of severe literary labour, to high poetic distinction. It appears, from a biographical notice appended to the poems, he is yet young, and has not had advantages of education enjoyed by many. Let it not be thought idle advice to suggest lengthened labour on his compositions, to one who may have little leisure to spare from the battle and business of life. What we mean is, that the same time and toil bestowed on fifty pieces, if concentrated on five or ten, would produce results more satisfactory, both for present advantage and future fame. That the author has the spirit of true poetry stirring within him appears all through the volume, while some of the pieces are also marked by melody of rhythm and felicity of diction. A sweeter love lyric has rarely been penned than this:—

" Ah! 'tis like a tale of olden Time, long, long ago,
When the world was in its golden Prime, and Love was lord below!
Every vein of Earth was dancing With the spring's new wine!
'Twas the pleasant time of flowers, When I met you, love of mine!
Ah! some spirit sure was straying Out of heaven that day,
When I met you, Sweet a-Maying
In that merry, merry May."

" Little heart! it shily open'd
Its red leaves' love-lore,
Like a rose that must be ripen'd
To the dainty, dainty core.
But its beauties daily brighten,
And it blooms so dear,—
Th' a many Winters whiten,
I go Maying all the year.
And my proud heart will be praying
Blessings on the day,
When I met you, Sweet a-Maying,
In that merry, merry May."

There is bright joyous feeling in the song beginning—

" All glorious as a rainbow's birth,"

and in many of the other lyrics, though the want of careful finish will prevent their becoming commonly current, like similar pieces of Burns or Moore. From the principal poem in this volume, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, we extract the closing stanzas, in which the powers of the writer are well displayed:—

" In this dim world of clouding cares
We rarely know, till wilered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unaware.
" And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark like up a star,
A Beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.
" Thro' tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters thro' the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the Jasper Sea.
" With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strown the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His Reapers bind our ripest sheaf."

" Our beautiful Bird of light hath fled:
Awhile she sat with folded wings—
Sang round us a few hoveringings—
Then straightway into glory sped.

" And white-wing'd Angels nurture her;
With heaven's white radiance robed and crown'd,
And all Love's purple glory round,
She summers on the Hills of Myrrh.

" Thro' Childhood's morning-land, serene
She walkt betwixt us twain, like Love;
While, in a role of light above,
Her better Angel walkt unseen,

" Till Life's highway broke bleak and wild;
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bled, and courage fail,
The Angel's arms caught up the child.

" Her wave of life hath backward roll'd
To the great ocean; whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old:

" And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and reliques rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

" O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles,—spread
O'er desert pillows some green Palm!

" Strange glory streams thro' Life's wild rents,
And thro' the open door of Death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the Beloved going hence.

" God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed."

The volume next on the list at the head of this article, is by a new author, James Burns. The pieces, which are chiefly descriptive and devotional, are the productions of a refined and accomplished mind. The chief poem, *The Vision of Prophecy*, has some fine passages, suggested by the events of history as predicted in the sacred scriptures.

" Where Tyre once saw the splendour
Of marble structures mirrored in her bay,
And snow-white temples in the sunshine render
More dazzling radiance to the light of day,
The waves break mournfully o'er broken piles,
Thy voice breathes from them like a dirge.
When Macedon's far-glittering files
Begirt her ramparts, thou didst urge
Their captain to his dread commission;
He, at a sword in the hand of God,
Struck higher than the mark of his ambition—
She falls, revives, decays, till wasting years
Have blown her very dust abroad.
The unconscious fisher on her shell-grown piers
Spreads out his nets; and, from afar beholding,
Men mark thy roll of woes unfolding.

" What memories round thee cluster,
O Egypt! from the dim depths of the past:
Art from thy temples once diffused its lustre,
And round thee Science mystic influence cast,
Eldest of kingdoms, and the proudest long,
Alas, how sunken art thou now!
Vengeance on thee hath laid her strong,
Her iron hand, and brought thee low.
The ancient doom still works in thee,
Fore-uttered in thy day of fame,
'Basest of kingdoms, Egypt, thou shalt be!'
A race of slaves had stolen to Pharaoh's throne,
Thou art not dead, but this thy shame
Is worse than death. We sadly look upon
Thy mummied features, and thy Pyramids hoary,
The head-stones of a grave of glory."

Some of the hymns and scriptural meditations in verse are smoothly and elegantly turned, as this, on the spirit to be shown under divinely-appointed affliction:—

" O Thou! whose tender feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.
My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.
Give me the spirit of Thy trust
To suffer as a son,—
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done!

" I know that trial is His love
With but a graver face,—
That, veiled in sorrow, earthwards move
His ministries of grace.
May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares!"

So will I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God."

On the theme, "Faith worketh by love,"
here are some happily-expressed lines:—

"O MOURN not that the days are gone,
The old and wondrous days,
When Faith's unearthly glory shone
Along our earthly ways;
When the Apostle's gentlest touch
Wrought like a sacred spell,
And health came down on every couch
On which his shadow fell.

"The glory is not wholly fled,
That shone so bright before,
Nor is the ancient virtue dead
Though thus it works no more.
Still Godlike Power with Goodness dwells,
And blessings round it move,
And faith still works its miracles,
Though now it works by Love.

"It may not on the crowded ways
Lift up its voice as then,
But still with sacred might it sways
The stormy minds of men.
Grace still is given to make the faint
Grow stronger through distress,
And even the shadow of the saint
Retains its power to bless."

Several of the poems are descriptive of scenery in Madeira and other places, where the writer has been a resident. Under the title of the Discovery of the North-west Passage are three sonnets, which will be read with greater interest from the tidings that have at length arrived of the probable fate of Franklin:—

"Strait of Ill Hope! thy frozen lips at last
Unclose, to teach our seamens how to sift
A passage where blue icebergs clash and drift,
And the snow loosely rattles in the blast.
We hold the secret that hast clenched so fast
For ages—our best blood has earned the gift.—
Blood spilt, or hoarded up in patient thrift,
Through sunless months in ceaseless peril passed.
But what of daring Franklin? Who may know
The pangs that wrung that heart so proud and brave,
In secret wrestling with its deadly woe,
And no kind voice to reach him o'er the wave?
Now he sleeps fast beneath his shroud of snow,
And the cold Pole-Star only knows his grave.

"Alone on some sharp cliff I see him strain,
O'er the white waste, his keen, sagacious eye,
Or see the signs of the snow-muffled sky,
In hope of quick deliverance,—but in vain;
Then, faring to his icy tent again,
To cheer his mates with his familiar smile,
And talk of home and kinsfolk, to beguile
Slow hours, which freeze the blood and numb the brain.
Long let our hero's memory be enshrined
In all true British hearts! He envied not
In danger's foremost rank, nor looked behind,
He did his work, not with the fevered blood
Of battle, but with hard-try'd fortitude,
Peril dauntless, and in death resigned.

"Despond not, Britain! Should this sacred hold
Of Freedom, still inviolate, be assailed,
The high, unblenching spirit which prevailed
In ancient days is neither dead nor cold.
Men are still in these of heroic mould,—
Men whom thy grand old sea-kings would have hailed
As worthy peers, invulnerable mailed,
Because by Duty's sternest law controlled.
Thou yet wilt rise, and send abroad thy voice
Among the nations, battling for the right,
In the unrusty armour of thy youth;
And the oppressed shall hear it and rejoice,
For on thy side is the resistless might
Of Freedom, Justice, and Eternal Truth!"

The poems of William Bell Scott are of a more rough and unusual cast, bearing marks of the originality and energy, with not a little of the eccentricity of genius. The lines on the Duke's Funeral show more independence than most of the compositions suggested by that fertile theme.

"Now, now, now let the great dead quietly
Go to his mighty tomb, go join the dust
Of better and worse men, give not the dead
What the dead valued not. Those canny tongues
Speak not more fitly, poets, than do thine.
Leave to this statesman-soldier unto Time,
Who passes on the might winds of time's laws,
Leaving the human strife but history's a year,
Consuming the ages. Your polished lays, would seem
Bitter-sweet to man's throat, and be who like
Upon that cavernous wain of human addressed
By Christian symbol or cartouche of death;

Would but have asked you what you wanted, given
Some charity, and hoped you then would go!
There is false inspiration in the theme,
It puts the lamp out: for myself, I faint
Would have constrained a sonnet, but not one
Of all the fourteen twigs would bear green leaves,
Much less fair flowers, ripe fruit. Still was he one
Of England's truest sons, and what he ought
That did he worthily, and with strong will.
By trade a warrior he, and as a lord
Of cotton and consols, by warlike games,
Venturing boldly when the market turns,
Never despairing through stark bankruptcy,
Increases on all sides until his name
Is in kings' mouths, and by his bonds are held
The necks of nations, so succeeded he.
Genius beside him seemed a madman; Truth
Was but contingent to him;
And heroism but a boyish phrase.
This thing he had to do, and this did he,
Depending both on sword and protocol,
On blood and red-tape. Earth to him was but
Leagues for a march, towns cannon'd wall, and men,
So many items to be matched by others
Harder headed, both to serve for those
Ordained to rule: heaven was no more to him
Than so much rain or heat. And England, she,
Motive at once and commissariat, ruled
As Duty, not absolute, god-writ in fire,
By which the martyr or the conqueror
Lifts the world up with him more near to justice,—
But Statesman's Duty, duty to confirm
The anointed cuncture round the brow of kings,
The people in their level, and the plough
Straight in the furrow. Wherefore then should flowers
Be strewn upon his bier, or chant be sung
By poet, requiems or organ prayer
Be uttered? Let the drums beat and the boom
Of sulphurous cannon o'er the house tops roll:
Let him be lapt in gold and cedar wood,
In purple and in heraldry grotesque.
Give him for mourners all those youth who lived
Rejoicing in the smiles of Regent George,
All honourable men without faith, hope,
Or charity, who generously strewed
The ring and cockpit with unpaid champagne,
All handsome cavaliers with well hid sores;
Give him for mourners all the timorous sons
Who see no providence in coming years;
And give him all the enemies of France;
And those who reverence power; and more than all,
Erect and foremost in this world-array,
Men of firm hearts and regulated powers,
Who call not unto Hercules, but set
Their sinewy shoulders to the staggering wheels,
And say, 'Thus as we will it, shall it be.'

"The day was won! proud, jubilant, redeemed,
Their tottering thrones again set firm, behold,
All coach'd or centaur-wise the princes thronged
Into the merry city, and the mob,
Worn out, effete, with glory, welcomed them,
Lighting their topmost windows. Sluggish Scine
Hissed with the falling stars, night bursts a-flame
With sputtering splendour over bridge and quay,
And in the new-gilt Tuilleries once again
Propped on her swollen feet stood Right Divine.
The sharp thin nostril of the high-born swelled,
The diplomat rewoke all clothed in smiles.
Tuftless attachés like stunned oxen stared
At Hapsburg, Bourbon, Guelph, and Romanoff,
Europe was saved! Once more as in old times,
The privileged worthies of the world could follow
Each his vocation: Metternich trepan,
Unwary guests for customers of wine:
Talleyrand titillate his black brain with talk
Of omelets, good innocent old man.
Europe is saved again! France saved again!
A new Napoleon its last saviour, sweeps
These old things out like cobwebs, sabreing both
Legitimist and red republican.
So wags the world; so history fills her page!
And he who with this mighty pomp beneath
A nation's eyes goes tombward, leaves no mark!"

In the volume of poetry by John Moultrie, the Rector of Rugby, the majority of the pieces are in the sombre strains of which the title is suggestive. In verse generally pleasing and sometimes vigorous and striking, some of the chief events that come under a Christian pastor's notice are described and commented on. The spirit of earnest Protestantism breathes throughout the work, and forms the inspiration of some of the best pieces, as the Pentecostal Ode, written on the occasion of a new church being built at Rugby. We quote some of the stanzas:—

"No vague, uncertain sound.
Within those walls confound
The wandering mind, nor cloud the listening ear!
No thoughts, which wildly range
These ways perplex'd and strayed,
Howl like lions who speak and those who hear!
No brain infest with pestilential lies,
Here weaves its flamy web of tangled sophistries!"

"No fancies quaint and vain,
Engender'd in the brain
Of weak, fantastic, ceremonial priest
The simple rites disguise,
By hearts devout and wise
Bequeath'd of men, whose martyr faith releas'd
The captive Church from Rome's corroding chain,
And gave to human thought its liberty again!
"Nor ever trace be found,
On this devoted ground,
Of priestcraft upon mental thralldom built;
Nor impious pride invade
His office who hath made
Atonement, once for all, for human guilt;
Nor dare disperse, with usurp'd control,
From his immediate grace the bruised and bleeding soul,
"Butter such arts become
Yon genuine brood of Rome,
Who prowl and prey with secret, stealthy tread;
In life's last hour molest
The heart in Christ at rest,
And swoop, like vultures, on the dying bed;
Perplex the parting soul with bigot lies,
And mock the failing sense with antic juggleries.
"Far other task be theirs,
Whom, with consenting prayers,
Hereafter on this spot the Church shall hear
Unfold the Scripture sense,
And faithfully dispense
The bread of life to hungry heart and ear;—
No priestly caste, a priestly rule who bear,
But stewards of Christ's grace, dispensing all they share.

"Grim aspetic here,
With monkish rule austere,
Its social nature from man's heart expel!
No votress, sad and pale,
Assume the shroud-like veil,
No pine unpitied in her prison cell!
No false, exclusive sanctify the grace
Blaspheme, by Christ bestow'd on all our human race!
"But household virtues sweet,
And chaste affections meet
Within this House, and build their homes around!
Here pairs their love refresh,
Whom God hath made man flesh!
Here child and parent, side by side, be found!
Till each domestic hearth a type display
Of that last glorious Church to crown Earth's latter day."

We can quote but one other extract, a sonnet on personal recognition in the future state:—

"I would not think that I have look'd my last
On that seraphic face, those heavenly eyes;
Nor that, when thou shalt from the grave arise,
Thy mortal beauty will be gone and past;
Fain would I cleave to the fond vision fast—
That in our final home beyond the skies
Soul shall meet soul in its corporeal guise,
Changed, not destroyed, by that dread trumpet-blare.
Such hope doth scripture warrant; such may we
In humble trust hold firmly, though as yet
We know not what hereafter we shall be;
But in our dire half-knowledge guess and fret,
Till nature shall have paid her final debt
And death be swallow'd up in victory."

The division of subjects, under the titles of Altars, Hearths, and Graves, is not very distinctly marked, but under one or other will be found many themes of domestic and social as well as religious life pleasantly and profitably treated.

In Mr. Palgrave's volume there are some successful pieces, but we can scarcely expect great efforts from an author in whom there breathes so little spirit of manly independence as to indite these dedicatory lines to the present Laureate:—

"TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

"Your honour'd name, dear Friend, unash'd,
I set before my pages;
While for the grace-confering theft
Free grace my heart presages.
"Should verse of mine, I oft had thought,
Dare plead for public trial,
No private patron I would seek,
Nor risk a proud denial.
"Yet as before th' impartial judge
In open court I venture,
Some natural fears will force their way;
Some dread of sovereign censure.
"I turn a suppliant gaze on you:
A judge, if any, royal
A soul in friendship and in song
Proved pure and brave and loyal.
"I seek not your just-balanced praise;
Your arm from fine to shield me;
I hold you judge in last resort,
And to your verdict yield me."

"When to the Gods our prayers we bring,
'Tis with their names we grace them:
I dedicate the songs to you,
As on your knees I place them."

The flattery of Mr. Hallam is equally overstrained in this sonnet,—

"TO HENRY HALLAM.

"God's last and rarest gift,—in Thee o'er all
I count most honour'd Friends seen eminent—
Justice,—unfearing, inexpugnable
To the crowd's threats, or party blandishment;
For this, when'er the harsh fanatic cries
To crush Truth underfoot, with
From bigots & in Church or Senate rise
Beyond all reach of words I honour Thee;—
England for this will set thy name with those
They page emblazons for congenial worth,
At whose loved loss th' impartial record glows:—
—With Him who sightless to the pomps of earth,
In his own Paradise o'er England mourn'd,
And that Deliver'd by the rabbled scorn'd."

The only other book we can at present notice is that of the gallant Indian officer, who has beguiled his hours of leisure with poetical studies. His work chiefly consists of translations, the sonnets and lyrics of Petrarch occupying half the volume, from which we give one specimen:—

"High birth in humble life, reserv'd yet kind,
On youth's gay flow'r ripe fruits of age and rare,
A virtuous heart within a lofty mind,
A happy spirit in a pensive air;
Henr'iette, nay Heaven's King, has filly shrin'd
All gifts and graces in this Lady fair,
True honest heart praises, worth refind,
Above what rapt dreams of best poets are,
Virtue and love so rich in her unite,
With natural beauty dignified address,
Gestures that still a silent grace express,
And in her eyes I know not what strange light
That makes the noonday dark, the dusk night clear,
Bitter the sweet, and e'en sad absence dear."

'Agamemnon,' a tragedy, altered from Alfieri, and Voltaire's 'Henriad,' form the principal part of the remainder of the volume. Mr. Macgregor displays much poetical taste and skill, which if employed on original thoughts might have brought to him as an author more distinction, but perhaps not equal pleasure to what has been found in the less ambitious labours of translation.

Insecta Maderensis: being an Account of the Insects of the Islands of the Madeiran Group. By T. Vernon Wollaston, M.A., F.L.S. Van Voorst.

Few of our readers will imagine that the little Madeiran group of islands in the Atlantic is sufficiently populated with beetles to need a massive volume of 634 closely-printed quarto pages for the description of their personal attributes, yet such is the size and purport of the work before us; and it has been executed in a most delightful and accomplished manner. In the autumn of 1847, Mr. T. Vernon Wollaston, a gentleman well known amongst naturalists for his love of entomology, was recommended, for the benefit of his health, to winter at Madeira. During a residence of seven months at Funchal, he collected many of the insects of the locality, but without any other object than that of amusement. In the year following he was again advised to pass the winter at Madeira, and he determined this time to turn his entomological pursuits to more practical account. His ardour in beetle-collecting, on this second visit, increased much in intensity. Mr. Wollaston's health had improved, and he was permitted to visit more distant rocks and to ascend into regions hitherto forbidden; and feeling sure that to make his entomological researches complete, he must also collect during the summer months, he left England, for the third time, in the following May, furnished with a tent, determined to explore the islands more fully, and to encamp at elevations which

would be dangerous of access except in the hot season. Having made a good harvest among the entire Madeiran Coleoptera, and amassed considerable observations relating to their habits and typical geographical distribution, Mr. Wollaston devoted his energies, for the subsequent three years, to the working out and publication of his materials. He has described 482 distinct species of Madeiran beetles, and has produced, with the assistance of the veteran Westwood, coloured figures and dissections, on a magnified scale, of nearly a fourth of these, which are models of entomological and anatomical accuracy.

It is not, however, to Mr. Wollaston simply as a collector and describer of specific forms that we desire this week to offer the special homage of our praise, but as a good philosophic entomologist, who has gathered his observations in the field, who has worked them out in all their bearings in the closet, and who has published them to the world in a style of liberality and completeness which has been rarely if ever surpassed. Mr. Wollaston has also a pleasing style of composition: his remarks are leavened throughout with a feeling remembrance of the circumstances under which he has been led to pursue these researches; and his superb book has all the character of a thank-offering, from a gentle and grateful heart, for the blessings of restored health.

"One of my principal designs in the following pages has been, not only to afford a complete catalogue, to the general naturalist, of Madeiran Coleoptera, but also to put into the hands of the sojourner there for a short period (of which there are several hundreds every winter from England alone, independently of those from other countries) a full and intelligible account of the actual stations in which he will probably be able to procure the several insects required. By this means, indeed, I am emboldened to hope that my researches may be turned to some practical account for the amusement of that unfortunate class of wanderers whose lot it is to submit, year after year, to an eight months' exile in Funchal. For, plainly, to point out one way (be it but one) in which even a few stray minds may find an ample field to sport in during a banishment under emergencies not the most enviable, is a boon which ought not (for the sake of a useless brevity) to be overlooked, in dealing with a subject thus voluntarily undertaken (however small it be, and imperfectly performed) for the general good.

"And to those who are resident (as occasionally happens) for a longer season than that which is ordinarily appointed for invalids, and who have health and strength sufficient to tempt them beyond the limits within which the more cautious adventurers are permitted to roam, I would add a few words, ere I close these desultory remarks, on the pleasures of a tent-life.

"It will doubtless seem an insignificant thing, when contemplated here, to investigate thoroughly such islands as those which we are now discussing. But the rambler *in situ*, who knows the difficulties attending even a single journey to the interior, and the almost physical impossibility of visiting many localities except under the most auspicious circumstances and at particular times, and who has persevered in vain to reach distant rocks, and failed again and again in his efforts to obtain a landing on their inhospitable shores, he alone is in a position to understand aright the numerous obstacles which are likely to intercept his progress. Yet such impediments, when surmounted, only go to increase the satisfaction derived from the object attained, and give to the explorer who has succeeded in overcoming them an additional delight.

The admirer of Nature who has passed a long winter at the mountains' base, contented merely to gaze upon the towering peaks, which, though near and cold at night, seldom reveal themselves during

the day with sufficient constancy (through the heavy canopy of cloud which hangs around them) to warrant an ascent, hails with unbounded joy the advance of spring,—knowing that the time is at hand when he will be able to revel at large in this Atlantic paradise, in remote spots seldom visited by strangers, and at altitudes where the fierce elements of winter shall give way at last to perpetual sunshine and the fresh breezes of a calmer sea. There is something amazingly luxurious in betaking oneself to tent-life, after months of confinement and annoyance (it may be entirely,—partially it must be) in the heat and noise of Funchal. We are then perhaps more than ever open to the favourable impressions of an alpine existence;—and who can adequately tell the ecstasy of a first encampment on these invigorating hills! To turn out, morning after morning, in the solemn stillness of aerial forests,—where not a sound is heard, save ever and anon a woodman's axe in some far-off tributary ravine, or a stray bird hymning forth its matin song to the ascending sun; to feel the cool influence of the early dawn on the upland sward, and to mark the thin clouds of fleecy snow uniting gradually into a solid bank,—affording glimpses the while, as they join and separate, of the fair creation stretched out beneath; to smell the damp, cold vapour rising from the deep defiles around us, where vegetation is still rampant on primeval rocks, and new generations of trees are springing up, untouched by man, from the decaying carcasses of the old ones; to listen in the still, calm evening air to the hum of the insect world (the most active tenants of these elevated tracts); and to mark, as the daylight wanes, the unnumbered orbs of night stealing one by one on to the wide arch of heaven, as brilliant as they were on the first evening of their birth:—are the lofty enjoyments, all, which the intellectual mind can grasp in these transcendent heights."

Mr. Wollaston's observations go to show that the entomological fauna of the Madeiran group present many peculiarities and some few anomalies. Out of the 482 species of beetles collected by him, 281 are not found anywhere else, a proportion singularly large, and demonstrative, at the same time, of the curious typical distribution of animal forms within very prescribed limits. The absence of numerous genera, and even whole families, of the general catalogue of Coleoptera, arises from the operation of the same natural law. But it is not merely to the general group, but to each particular island that the specific forms of beetle are peculiar. Mr. Wollaston has only been able to satisfy himself of the existence of 2 out of the 482 on *every* island, though he believes that three more may prove to be universal. These observations, too, are strengthened by the fact that the Madeiran beetles possess, in an unusually slight degree, the means of self-dispersal, and it is found, on examination, that, out of the 482 species, 178 are either altogether wingless, or have their wings so imperfectly developed as to be useless for the purposes of flight. Beetles of the flower-infesting tribes proved to be scarce, and this, in a country where vegetation is redundant, Mr. Wollaston has not been able to account for. Water-beetles also are scarce; but here the deficiency is not difficult to understand, "the rapid nature," says the author, "of the rivers, which are liable to sudden inundations from the mountains, and to deposit their contents in positions distant from their banks, or to pour in ceaseless torrents over the perpendicular faces of the rocks, being anything but favourable to insect life."

Respecting the proportions which the several islands bear to each other in number of species, the author says:—

"The immense superficies of the central mass as

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Idyls and Songs. By Francis Turner Palgrave. John W. Parker and Son.

Indian Leisure. Petrarch. Agamemnon. The Henriad, &c. By Captain Robert Guthrie Macgregor, Bengal Retired List. Smith, Elder, and Co.

It may seem late in the day to offer critical remarks on the poems of Gerald Massey, which have been received with popular favour, and have already reached their fourth edition. The extravagant and indiscriminate praise bestowed on them by many literary reviewers will not deter us from recording a less flattering judgment, and from throwing out a few friendly hints to the young and aspiring author. We are the more encouraged to do this from the spirit, at once manly and unassuming, exhibited by him in the preface to the last edition of his poems. "Some of the critics," he says, "have called me a poet; but that word is much too lightly spoken, much too freely bandied about. I know what a poet is too well to fancy I am one yet. It is a high standard that I set up myself, and I do not ask it to be lowered to reach my stature, nor would I have the poet's awful crown diminished to mete my lesser brow." With such humility and such aspirations we have high hope of eminence being attained, but only after patient and well-directed toil. It is the fashion now to contrast the natural and artificial schools of poetry, and, in praising the crude outbursts of genius and passion, to throw contempt on all that art and culture can bestow. Mr. Massey's flattering admirers are chiefly of this class. If we could gain his ear our advice would be to study earnestly some of the classic models of English verse. There he will find imagination controlled and directed by judgment, and genius refined by taste. All those poems which are destined to live in English literature have been the fruit of careful study and laborious art, as well as of natural inspiration. The writer who would please must consider not only what he says, but how he says it. If not embodied in right language, the noblest soul of poetry will have but a floating and fleeting existence. Often have the slightest sentiments and most trivial thoughts been perpetuated through melodious verse and well-poised diction, while far truer poetry has perished through the irregular or slovenly language employed. To attend to words and metres is thought, by many youthful bards and reviewers, to be beneath the dignity of natural genius. Thus we find Mr. Massey advised, by one critic, "not to put his muse into a pair of stays," and another, from whom we should have expected sounder sense, says that "these poems are such as Tennyson will read with approbation, while Jeffrey would have tossed them aside with derision." Jeffrey would have given Mr. Massey most wholesome and useful advice, and it would be well if his sound and judicious criticisms ex-

erected more influence on the young poets of the present day. In spite of all that has been written on the text, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, there can never be enough said as to the need of diligent, careful, well-directed study of the artistic part of poetry, if an author is ambitious of his works attaining a lasting popularity. The verses of Gray and Goldsmith and Cowper and Campbell will live long after the very names of bards who now despise them as 'artificial' are forgotten. These remarks are suggested by the perusal of Mr. Massey's poems, but they are less applicable to him than to other young poets of the day, whose claims to be "filed on fame's eternal bead-roll" have been absurdly exaggerated, and whose hopes of renown will meet with corresponding disappointment. We believe that Gerald Massey may rise, by the sure though slow path of severe literary labour, to high poetic distinction. It appears, from biographical notice appended to the poems, he is yet young, and has not had advantages of education enjoyed by many. Let it not be thought idle advice to suggest lengthened labour on his compositions, to one who may have little leisure to spare from the battle and business of life. What we mean is, that the same time and toil bestowed on fifty pieces, if concentrated on five or ten, would produce results more satisfactory, both for present advantage and future fame. That the author has the spirit of true poetry stirring within him appears all through the volume, while some of the pieces are also marked by melody of rhythm and felicity of diction. A sweeter love lyric has rarely been penned than this:—

"Aye! 'tis like a tale of olden
Time, long, long ago,
When the world was in its golden
Prime, and Love was lord below!
Every vein of Earth was dancing
With the spring's new wine!
'Twas the pleasant time of flowers,
When I met you, love of mine!
Ah! some spirit sure was straying
Out of heaven that day,
When I met you, Sweet! a-Maying
In that merry, merry May.

"Little heart! it shily open'd
Its red leaves' love-lore,
Like a rose that must be ripen'd
To the dainty, dainty core.
But its beauties daily brighten,
And it blooms so dear,
Th' a many Winters whiten,
I go Maying all the year.
And my proud heart will be praying
Blessings on the day,
When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,
In that merry, merry May."

There is bright joyous feeling in the song beginning—

"All glorious as a rainbow's birth,"

and in many of the other lyrics, though the want of careful finish will prevent their becoming commonly current, like similar pieces of Burns or Moore. From the principal poem in this volume, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, we extract the closing stanzas, in which the powers of the writer are well displayed:—

"In this dim world of clouding cares
We rarely know, till wilder'd eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unawares.

"And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a Star,
A Beacon kindling from afar,
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

"Thro' tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters thro' the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the Jasper Sea.

"With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strown the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His Reapers bind our ripest sheaf."

"Our beautiful Bird of light hath fled:
Awhile she sat with folded wings—
Sang round us a few hovering—
Then straightway into glory sped.

"And white-wing'd Angels nurture her;
With heaven's white radiance robed and crown'd,
And all Love's purple glory round,
She summers on the Hills of Myrrh.

"Thro' Childhood's morning-land, serene
She walkt betwix us twain, like Love;
While, in a robe of light above,
Her better Angel walkt unseen,

"Till Life's highway broke bleak and wild;
Then, lost her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bled, and courage fail,
The Angel's arms caught up the child.

"Her wave of life hath backward roll'd
To the great ocean; on whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old:

"And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and reliques rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

"O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
O'er desert pillows some green Palm!

"Strange glory streams thro' Life's wild rents,
And thro' the open door of Death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the Beloved going hence.

"God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed."

The volume next on the list at the head of this article, is by a new author, James Burns. The pieces, which are chiefly descriptive and devotional, are the productions of a refined and accomplished mind. The chief poem, *The Vision of Prophecy*, has some fine passages, suggested by the events of history as predicted in the sacred scriptures.

"Where Tyre once saw the splendour
Of marble structures mirrored in her bay,
And snow-white temples in the sunshine render
More dazzling radiance to the light of day,
The waves break mournfully o'er broken piles,
Thy voice breathes from them like a dirge.
When Macedon's far-glittering files
Begirt her ramparts, then didst urge
Their captain to his dread commission;
He, as a sword in the hand of God,
Struck higher than the mark of his ambition:
She falls, revives, decays, till wasting years
Have blown her very dust abroad.
The unconscious fisher on her shell-grown piers
Spreads out his nets; and, from afar beholding,
Men mark thy roll of woes unfolding.

"What memories round thee cluster,
O Egypt! from the dim depths of the past:
Art from thy temples once diffused its lustre,
And round thee Science mystic influence cast,
Eldest of kingdoms, and the proudest long,
Alas, how sunken art thou now!
Vengeance on thee hath laid her strong,
Her iron hand, and brought thee low.
The ancient doom still works in thee,
Fore-uttered in thy day of fame,
'Basest of kingdoms, Egypt, thou shalt be!'
A race of slaves has stolen to Pharaoh's throne,—
Thou art not dead, but this thy shame
Is worse than death. We sadly look upon
Thy mummied features, and thy Pyramids hoary,
The head-stones of a grave of glory."

Some of the hymns and scriptural meditations in verse are smoothly and elegantly turned, as this, on the spirit to be shown under divinely-appointed affliction:—

"O Trou! whose tender feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.
My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.
Give me the spirit of Thy trust
To suffer as a son,—
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done!

"I know that trial is His love
With but a graver face,—
That, veiled in sorrow, earthwards move
His ministries of grace.
May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares!"

So will I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God."

On the theme, "Faith worketh by love," here are some happily-expressed lines:—

"O MOUR not that the days are gone,
The old and wondrous days,
When Faith's unearthly glory shone
Along our earthly ways;
When the Apostle's gentlest touch
Wrought like sacred spell,
And health came down on every couch
On which his shadow fell.

"The glory is not wholly fled,
That shone so bright before,
Nor is the ancient virtue dead,
Though thus it works no more.
Still Godlike Power with Goodness dwells,
And blessings round it move,
And faith still works its miracles,
Though now it works by Love.

"It may not on the crowded ways
Lift up its voice as then,
But still with sacred might it sways
The stormy minds of men.
Grace still is given to make the faint
Grow stronger through distress,
And even the shadow of the saint
Retains its power to bless."

Several of the poems are descriptive of scenery in Madeira and other places, where the writer has been a resident. Under the title of the Discovery of the North-west Passage are three sonnets, which will be read with greater interest from the tidings that have at length arrived of the probable fate of Franklin:—

"Strait of Ill Hope! thy frozen lips at last
Unclose, to teach our seamen how to sift
A passage where blue iceberg clash and drift,
And the shore loosely rattles in the blast.
We hold the secret thou hast clenched so fast
For ages,—our best blood has earned the gift,—
Blood split, or hoarded up in patient thrift,
Through sunless months in ceaseless peril passed.
But what of daring Franklin? Who may know
The pang that wrung that heart so proud and brave,
In secret wrestling with its deadly woe,
And no kind voice to reach him o'er the wave?
Now he sleeps fast beneath his shroud of snow,
And the cold Pole-Star only knows his grave.

"Alone on some sharp cliff I see him strain,
O'er the white waste, his keen, sagacious eye,
Or scan the signs of the snow-muffled sky,
In hope of quick deliverance,—but in vain;
Then, faxing to his icy tent again,
To cheer his mates with his familiar smile,
And talk of home and kinsfolk, to beguile
Slow hours, which freeze the blood and numb the brain.
Long let our hero's memory be enshrined
In all true British hearts! He calmly stood
In danger's foremost rank, nor looked behind.
He did his work, not with the fevered blood
Of battle, but with hard-tried fortitude,
In peril dauntless, and in death resigned.

"Despond not, Britain! Should this sacred hold
Of Freedom, still inviolate, be assailed,
The high, unblenching spirit which prevailed
In ancient days is neither dead nor cold.
Men are still in the heroic mould,—
Men whom the grand old sea-kings would have hailed
As worthy peers, invulnerably mailed,
Because by Dufy's sternest law controlled.
Thou yet will rise, and send abroad thy voice
Among the nations, battling for the right,
In the unrustled armour of thy youth;
And the oppressed shall hear it and rejoice,
For on thy side is the resistless might
Of Freedom, Justice, and Eternal Truth!"

The poems of William Bell Scott are of a more rough and unusual cast, bearing marks of the originality and energy, with not a little of the eccentricity of genius. The lines on the Duke's Funeral show more independence than most of the compositions suggested by that fertile theme.

"So, so, now let the great dead quietly
Go to his mighty tomb, go join the dust
Of better and worse men: give not the dead
What the dead valued not: those cannon tongues
Speak out more fitly, poets, than do thine.
Leave ye this statesman-soldier unto Time,
Who passes on the night-winds of God's laws,
Leaving the heroes stript for history's eyes,
Cleansing the grave. Your polished lays, 'twould seem,
Refreshen no man's throat, and he who lies
Upon that cumbrous wain of bronze, unblessed
By Christian symbol or cartouche of death,

Would but have asked you what you wanted, given
Some charity, and hoped you then would go!
There is false inspiration in the theme,
It puts the lamp out: for myself, I fail
Would have constrained a sonnet, but not one
Of all the fourteen twigs would bear green leaves,
Much less fair flowers, ripe fruit. Still was he one
Of England's truest sons, and what he ought
That did he worthily, and with strong will.
By trade a warrior he, and as a lord
Of cotton and consols, by wariest games,
Venturing boldly when the market turns,
Never despairing through stark bankruptcy,
Increases on all sides until his name
Is in kings' mouths, and by his bonds are held
The necks of nations, so succeeded he,
Genius beside him seemed a madman; Truth
Was but contingent, relative to him;
And heroism, but a boyish phrase.
This thing he had to do, and this did he,
Depending both on sword and protocol,
On blood and red-tape. Earth to him was but
Leagues for a march, towns cannon'd wall, and men,
So many items to be matched by others
Harder headed, both to serve for those
Ordained to rule; heaven was no more to him
Than so much rain or heat. And England, she,
Motive at once and commissariat, ruled
As Duty, not absolute, god-writh in fire,
By which the martyr, the conqueror
Lifts the world up with him more near to justice,—
But Statesman's Duty, duty to confirm
The anointed cincture round the brow of kings,
The people in their level, and the plough
Straight in the furrow. Wherefore then should flowers
Be strewed upon his bier, or chant be sung
By poet, requiem or organ prayer
Be uttered? Let the drums beat and the boom
Of sulphurous cannon o'er the house tops roll:
Let him be lapt in gold and cedar wood,
In purple and in heraldries grotesque.
Give him for mourners all those youths who lived
Rejoicing in the smiles of Regent George,
All honourable men without faith, hope,
Or charity, who generously strewed
The ring and cockpit with unpaid champagne,
All handsome cavaliers with well hid sores;
Give him for mourners all the timorous souls
Who see no providence in coming years;
And give him all the enemies of France;
And those who reverence power; and more than all,
Erect and foremost in the world-array,
Men of firm hearts and regulated powers,
Who call not unto Hercules, but set
Their sinewy shoulders to the staggering wheels,
And say, 'Thus as we will it, shall it be.'

"The day was won! proud, jubilant, redeemed,
That frottering throne again set firm, beheld,
All coached or centaur-wise the princes thronged
Into the merry city, and the mob,
With out effete, with glory, welcomed them,
Lighting their topmost windows. Sluggish Seine
Hissed with the falling stars, night bursts a-flame
With sputtering splendour over bridge and quay,
And in the new-gilt Tuilleries once again
Propred on her swollen feet stood Right Divine.
The sharp thin nostril of the high-born swelled,
The diplomat rewoke all clothed in smiles,
Tutulus attachés like stunned oxen stared
At Hapsburg, Bourbon, Guelph, and Romanoff,
Europe was saved! Once more as in old times,
The privileged worthies of the world could follow
Each his vocation: Metternich trepan,
Unwary guests for customers of wine:
Talleyrand titillate his black brain with talk
Of omelets, good innocent old man.
Europe is saved again! France saved again!
A new Napoleon! its last saviour, sweeps
These old things out like cobwebs, sabreing both
Legitimist and red republican.
So wags the world; so history fills her page!
And he who with this mighty pomp beneath
A nation's eyes goes tombward, leaves no mark!"

In the volume of poetry by John Moultrie, the Rector of Rugby, the majority of the pieces are in the sombre strains of which the title is suggestive. In verse generally pleasing and sometimes vigorous and striking, some of the chief events that come under a Christian pastor's notice are described and commented on. The spirit of earnest Protestantism breathes throughout the work, and forms the inspiration of some of the best pieces, as the Pentecostal Ode, written on the occasion of a new church being built at Rugby. We quote some of the stanzas:—

"No vague, uncertain sound
Within these walls confound
The wandering mind, nor cheat the listening ear!
No thoughts, which wildly range
Thro' ways perplex'd and strange,
Bewilder him who speaks and those who hear!
No brain infect with pestilential lies,
Here weave its flimsy web of tangled sophistries!

"No fancies quaint and vain,
Engender'd in the brain
Of weak, fantastic, ceremonial priest
The simple rites disguise,
By hearts devout and wise
Bequeath'd of men, whose martyr faith releas'd
The captive Church from Rome's corroding chain,
And gave to human thought its liberty again!
"Nor ever trace be found,
On this devoted ground,
Of priestcraft upon mental thralldom built;
Nor impious pride invade
His office who hath made
Atonement, one for all, for human guilt;
Nor dare disrever, with sharp'd confrol,
From His immediate grace the bruised and bleeding soul.

"Better such arts become
You genuine brood of Rome,
Who prowl and prey with secret, stealthy tread;
In life's last hour molest
The heart in Christ at rest,
And swoop, like vultures, on the dying bed;
Perplex the parting soul with bigot lies,
And mock the failing sense with artful juggleries.
"Far other task be theirs,
Whom, with consenting prayers,
Hereafter on this spot the Church shall hear
Unfold the Scripture sense,
And faithfully dispense
The bread of life to hungry heart and ear;
No priestly caste, a priestly rule who bear,
But stewards of Christ's grace, dispensing all they share.

"No grim ascetic here,
With monkish rule austere,
Its social nature from man's heart expel!
No votress, sad and pale,
Assume the shroud-like veil,
Nor pine unipted in her prison cell!
No false, exclusive sanctity the grace
blaspheme, by Christ bestow'd on all our human race!

"But household virtues sweet,
And chaste affections meet
Within this Home, and build their homes around!
Here raise their love refresh,
Whom God hath made one flesh!
Here child and parent, side by side, be found!
Till each domestic hearth a type display
Of that last glorious Church to crown Earth's latter day."

We can quote but one other extract, a sonnet on personal recognition in the future state:—

"I would not think that I have look'd my last
On that seraphic face, those heavenly eyes;
Nor that, when thou shalt from the grave arise,
Thy mortal beauty will be gone and past—
Fain would I cleave to the fond vision fast—
That in our final home beyond the skies
Soul shall meet soul in its corporeal guise,
Changed, not destroyed, by that dread trumpet-blast.
Such hope doth scripture warrant; such may we
In humble trust hold firmly, though as yet
We know not what hereafter we shall be,
But in our dim half-knowledge guess and fret,
Till nature shall have paid her final debt
And death be swallow'd up in victory!"

The division of subjects, under the titles of Altars, Hearths, and Graves, is not very distinctly marked, but under one or other will be found many themes of domestic and social as well as religious life pleasantly and profitably treated.

In Mr. Palgrave's volume there are some successful pieces, but we can scarcely expect great efforts from an author in whom there breathes so little spirit of manly independence as to indite these dedicatory lines to the present Laureate:—

"TO ALFRED TENNYSON.
"Your honour'd name, dear Friend, unask'd,
I set before my pages:
While for the grace-conferring theft
Free grace my heart presages.
"Should verse of mine, I oft had thought,
Dare plead for public trial,
No private patron I would seek,
Nor risk a proud denial.
"Yet as before th' impartial judge
In open court I venture,
Some natural fears will force their way;
Some dread of sovereign censure.
"I turn a suppliant gaze on you:
A judge, if any, royal:
A soul in friendship and in song
Proved pure and brave and loyal.
"I seek not your just-balanced praise;
Your arm from foes to shield me:
I hold you judge in last resort,
And to your verdict yield me.

"When to the Gods our prayers we bring,
'Tis with their names we grace them:
I dedicate the songs to you,
As on your knees I place them."

The flattery of Mr. Hallam is equally overstrained in this sonnet,—

"TO HENRY HALLAM.

"God's last and rarest gift,—in Thee o'er all
I count most honour'd Friends seen eminent—
Justice,—unfeigning, inexpugnable
To the crowd's threats, or party blandishment;
—For this, whence'er the harsh fanatic cries
To crush Truth underfoot, with Liberty,
From bigots or in Church or Senate rise,
Beyond all reach of words I honour Thee:—
England for this will set thy name with those
Thy page emblemaz'd for congenial worth,
At whose loved names th' impartial record glows:—
—With Him, who sightless to the poms of earth,
In his own Paradise o'er England mourn'd,
And that Deliverer by the rabble scorn'd."

The only other book we can at present notice is that of the gallant Indian officer, who has beguiled his hours of leisure with poetical studies. His work chiefly consists of translations, the sonnets and lyrics of Petrarch occupying half the volume, from which we give one specimen:—

"High birth in humble life, reserv'd yet kind,
On youth's gay flow'r ripe fruits of age and rare,
A virtuous heart within a lofty mind,
A happy spirit in a pensive air;
Her planet, nay Heaven's King, has fitly shrin'd
All gifts and graces in this Lady fair,
True honour, purest praises, worth refin'd,
Above what rapt dreams of best poets are.
Virtue and love so rich in her unite,
With natural beauty dignified address,
Gestures that still a silent grace express,
And in her eyes I know not what strange light
That makes the noonday dark, the dusk night clear,
Bitter the sweet, and e'en sad absence dear."

'Agamemnon,' a tragedy, altered from Alfieri, and Voltaire's 'Henriad,' form the principal part of the remainder of the volume. Mr. Macgregor displays much poetical taste and skill, which if employed on original thoughts might have brought to him as an author more distinction, but perhaps not equal pleasure to what has been found in the less ambitious labours of translation.

Insecta Maderensis: being an Account of the Insects of the Islands of the Madeiran Group. By T. Vernon Wollaston, M.A., F.L.S. Van Voorst.

Few of our readers will imagine that the little Madeiran group of islands in the Atlantic is sufficiently populated with beetles to need a massive volume of 634 closely-printed quarto pages for the description of their personal attributes, yet such is the size and purport of the work before us; and it has been executed in a most delightful and accomplished manner. In the autumn of 1847, Mr. T. Vernon Wollaston, a gentleman well known amongst naturalists for his love of entomology, was recommended, for the benefit of his health, to winter at Madeira. During a residence of seven months at Funchal, he collected many of the insects of the locality, but without any other object than that of amusement. In the year following he was again advised to pass the winter at Madeira, and he determined this time to turn his entomological pursuits to more practical account. His ardour in beetle-collecting, on this second visit, increased much in intensity. Mr. Wollaston's health had improved, and he was permitted to visit more distant rocks and to ascend into regions hitherto forbidden; and feeling sure that, to make his entomological researches complete, he must also collect during the summer months, he left England, for the third time, in the following May, furnished with a tent, determined to explore the islands more fully, and to encamp at elevations which

would be dangerous of access except in the hot season. Having made a good harvest among the entire Madeiran Coleoptera, and amassed considerable observations relating to their habits and typical geographical distribution, Mr. Wollaston devoted his energies, for the subsequent three years, to the working out and publication of his materials. He has described 482 distinct species of Madeiran beetles, and has produced, with the assistance of the veteran Westwood, coloured figures and dissections, on a magnified scale, of nearly a fourth of these, which are models of entomological and anatomical accuracy.

It is not, however, to Mr. Wollaston simply as a collector and describer of specific forms that we desire this week to offer the special homage of our praise, but as a good philosophic entomologist, who has gathered his observations in the field, who has worked them out in all their bearings in the closet, and who has published them to the world in a style of liberality and completeness which has been rarely if ever surpassed. Mr. Wollaston has also a pleasing style of composition: his remarks are leavened throughout with a feeling remembrance of the circumstances under which he has been led to pursue these researches; and his superb book has all the character of a thank-offering, from a gentle and grateful heart, for the blessings of restored health.

"One of my principal designs in the following pages has been, not only to afford a complete catalogue, to the general naturalist, of Madeiran Coleoptera, but also to put into the hands of the sojourner there for a short period (of which there are several hundreds every winter from England alone, independently of those from other countries) a full and intelligible account of the actual stations in which he will probably be able to procure the several insects required. By this means, indeed, I am emboldened to hope that my researches may be turned to some practical account for the amusement of that unfortunate class of wanderers whose lot it is to submit, year after year, to an eight months' exile in Funchal. For, plainly, to point out one way (be it but one) in which even a few stray minds may find an ample field to sport in during a banishment under emergencies not the most enviable, is a boon which ought not (for the sake of a useless brevity) to be overlooked, in dealing with a subject thus voluntarily undertaken (however small it be, and imperfectly performed) for the general good.

"And to those who are resident (as occasionally happens) for a longer season than that which is ordinarily appointed for invalids, and who have health and strength sufficient to tempt them beyond the limits within which the more cautious adventurers are permitted to roam, I would add a few words, ere I close these desultory remarks, on the pleasures of a tent-life.

"It will doubtless seem an insignificant thing, when contemplated here, to investigate thoroughly such islands as those which we are now discussing. But the rambler *in situ*, who knows the difficulties attending even a single journey to the interior, and the almost physical impossibility of visiting many localities except under the most auspicious circumstances and at particular times, and who has persevered in vain to reach distant rocks, and failed again and again in his efforts to obtain a landing on their inhospitable shores, he alone is in a position to understand aright the numerous obstacles which are likely to intercept his progress. Yet such impediments, when surmounted, only go to increase the satisfaction derived from the object attained, and give to the explorer who has succeeded in overcoming them an additional delight.

"The admirer of Nature who has passed a long winter at the mountains' base, contented merely to gaze upon the towering peaks, which, though clear and cold at night, seldom reveal themselves during

the day with sufficient constancy (through the heavy canopy of cloud which hangs around them) to warrant an ascent, hails with unbounded joy the advance of spring,—knowing that the time is at hand when he will be able to revel at large in this Atlantic paradise, in remote spots seldom visited by strangers, and at altitudes where the fierce elements of winter shall give way at last to perpetual sunshine and the fresh breezes of a calmer sea. There is something amazingly luxurious in betaking oneself to tent-life, after months of confinement and annoyance (it may be entirely,—*partially* it must be) in the heat and noise of Funchal. We are then perhaps more than ever open to the favourable impressions of an alpine existence;—and who can adequately tell the ecstasy of a first encampment on these invigorating hills! To turn out, morning after morning, in the solemn stillness of aerial forests,—where no sound is heard, save ever and anon a woodman's axe in some far-off tributary ravine, or a stray bird hymning forth its matin song to the ascending sun; to feel the cool influence of the early dawn on the upland sward, and to mark the thin clouds of fleecy snow uniting gradually into a solid bank,—affording glimpses the while, as they join and separate, of the fair creation stretched out beneath; to smell the damp, cold vapour rising from the deep defiles around us, where vegetation is still rampant on primeval rocks, and new generations of trees are springing up, untouched by man, from the decaying carcasses of the old ones; to listen in the still, calm evening air to the humming of the insect world (the most active tenants of these elevated tracts); and to mark, as the daylight wanes, the unnumbered orbs of night stealing one by one on to the wide arch of heaven, as brilliant as they were on the first evening of their birth;—are the lofty enjoyments, all, which the intellectual mind can grasp in these transcendent heights."

Mr. Wollaston's observations go to show that the entomological fauna of the Madeiran group present many peculiarities and some few anomalies. Out of the 482 species of beetles collected by him, 281 are not found anywhere else, a proportion singularly large, and demonstrative, at the same time, of the curious typical distribution of animal forms within very prescribed limits. The absence of numerous genera, and even whole families, of the general catalogue of Coleoptera, arises from the operation of the same natural law. But it is not merely to the general group, but to each particular island that the specific forms of beetles are peculiar. Mr. Wollaston has only been able to satisfy himself of the existence of 2 out of the 482 on *every* island, though he believes that three more may prove to be universal. These observations, too, are strengthened by the fact that the Madeiran beetles possess, in an unusually slight degree, the means of self-dispersion, and it is found, on examination, that, out of the 482 species, 178 are either altogether wingless, or have their wings so imperfectly developed as to be useless for the purposes of flight. Beetles of the flower-infesting tribes proved to be scarce, and this, in a country where vegetation is redundant, Mr. Wollaston has not been able to account for. Water-beetles also are scarce; but here the deficiency is not difficult to understand, "the rapid nature," says the author, "of the rivers, which are liable to sudden inundations from the mountains, and to deposit their contents in positions distant from their banks, or to pour in ceaseless torrents over the perpendicular faces of the rocks, being anything but favourable to insect life."

Respecting the proportions which the several islands bear to each other in number of species, the author says:—

"The immense superficies of the central mass as

contrasted with the satellites of the group,—containing as it does about ten times the area of Porto Santo (which last is, in its turn, gigantic when compared with the barren rocks of the Dezertas), and not only abounding in wood and water, but rising to nearly four times the height,—must naturally give it an enormous preponderance in the fauna of the entire region. Still, having (at three different periods of the year) resided for more than a month in Porto Santo, for the sole purpose of research, and having twice encamped for a week (in the winter and summer) on the Dezera Grande, as well as on the Ilheu Chao, I believe that I am at any rate in a position to give some sort of an opinion on this intricate question."

As an example of Mr. Wollaston's more enlarged views of geographical distribution, and its effect in modifying specific character, we quote the following, respecting a beetle called *Dromius obscuro-guttatus* :

"I have hitherto observed it in no islands of the group except Madeira proper, and only there at high elevations,—where however it is extremely abundant. It occurs in the greatest profusion, from the end of the summer to the early spring months, beneath stones, in the lofty mountain district between the Pico da Lagoa and the Pico dos Arieros; as also on the flat alpine plain of the Paul da Serra, from 5000 to 6000 feet above the sea. Although so common throughout Europe, it is perhaps, when geographically considered, one of the most interesting of the Madeiran Coleoptera, as affording another and even more striking example, not only of the modification of form in a normally northern insect when on its southern limit (the result, however, perhaps more strictly, as in the case of the varieties of the *D. sigma*, of *isolation* rather than of latitude); but as showing, likewise, how a species abundant on the low sandy shores and sheltered sea-cliffs of more temperate regions finds its position here only on the summits of the loftiest mountains. It is true that the aberration from the typical state, as in the *D. sigma*, is not in the present instance very considerable; yet, when the circumstances producing it are taken into account, I am persuaded that the difference is exactly of that nature on which too great stress cannot possibly be placed, when discussing the general question of geographical distribution as having a tendency, more or less directly, to affect both colour and form. It is well known to naturalists that a multitude of insects from the New World, receding from their European analogues merely in certain excessively minute characters, have usually been pronounced at once as new to science, first because those differences are constant, and secondly because the specimens have been received from the other side of the Atlantic. And yet in instances like the present, as in many others which we shall have occasion to notice,—in an island which, while it belongs artificially to Europe, is yet, naturally, sufficiently distinct from it as to form at any rate a stepping-stone to the coast of Africa and the mountains of Barbary,—species similarly circumstanced are not necessarily received as new (and rightly so, I apprehend), though in every respect affording differences not only *analogous* to those already mentioned, but in many cases positively identical with them. If however a specific line of demarcation does of necessity exist between the creatures of the Old and New Worlds, the problem yet remains unsolved, so long as intermediate islands present parallel modifications, where that line is to be drawn. Meanwhile, how far geographical varieties of this kind, concerning the non-specific claims of which confessedly but little doubt can exist, may lead to the explanation of the transatlantic ones just referred to, I will not venture to suggest. Yet certain it is that the one case bears directly on the other; and that, if we can prove that common European insects when isolated in the ocean become in nearly all cases more or less modified externally in form, there is at least presumptive evidence that the law will hold good on a wider scale, and may be extended not only to the Atlantic

itself, but even to countries beyond it. The differences of the present *Dromius* from its more northern representatives are, as just stated, small; nevertheless, since they are *fixed*, those naturalists who do not believe in geographical influence, might choose to consider them of sufficient importance to erect a new species upon. But after a careful comparison of this with other insects similarly circumstanced, I am convinced that the modifications in question are merely local ones, and such as may be reasonably accounted for by the combined agencies of latitude and isolation, and the consequently altered habits of the creature, which is thus compelled to seek alpine localities in lieu of its natural ones."

From this we are led on to the yet broader philosophical considerations of what may have been the different arrangement of land and water in the vicinity of our own group of islands in geological time past, and which are so pleasantly touched on by the author in the following passage:—

"Taking a cursory view of the Coleoptera here described, the fauna may perhaps be pronounced as having a greater affinity with that of Sicily than of any other country which has been hitherto properly investigated. Apart from the large number of our genera (and even species) which are diffused over more or less of the entire Mediterranean basin, this is especially evinced in some of the most characteristic forms. There is, moreover, strange though it may appear to be, some slight (though decided) collective assimilation with what we observe in the south-western extremity of our own country and of Ireland,—nearly all the species which are common to Madeira and the British Isles being found in those particular regions; whilst one point of coincidence at any rate, and of a very remarkable nature, has been fully discussed under *Mesites*. Whether or not this partial parallelism may be employed to further Professor E. Forbes's theory of the quondam approximation, by means of a continuous land, of the Kerry and Gallican hills, and of a huge miocene continent extending beyond the Azores, and including all these Atlantic clusters within its embrace, I will not venture to suggest: nevertheless, it is impossible to deny that, so far as the Madeiras betoken, everything would go to favour this grand and comprehensive idea. Partaking in the main of a Mediterranean fauna, the *northern tendency* of which is in the evident direction of the south-western portions of England and Ireland, and with a profusion of endemic modifications of its own (bearing witness to the engorgement of this ancient tract with centres of radiation created expressly for itself), whilst geology proclaims the fact that *subsidence* on a stupendous scale have taken place, by which means the ocean groups were constituted; we seem to trace out on every side records of the past, and to catch the glimpses as it were of a *veritable* Atlantis from beneath the waves of time,—being well nigh tempted to inquire,

'And thou, fairest Isle,
In the daylight's smile,
Hast thou sunk in the boiling ocean,
While beyond thy strand
Rose a mightier land
From the wave in alternate motion?
'Are the isles that stud
The Atlantic flood?
But the peaks of thy tallest mountains,
While repose below
The great waters' flow
Thy towns and thy towers and fountains?
'Have the ocean powers
Made their quiet bowers
In thy fanes and thy dim recesses?
Or, in haunts of thine
Do the sea-maids twine
Coral wreaths for their dewy tresses?
'But we know not where,
'Neath the desert air,
To look for the pleasant places
Of the youth of Time,
Whose austere prime
The haunts of his childhood effaces.'

We have dwelt upon this important entomological work with unaffected interest, and, since it is entitled 'The Madeira Insects,' with-

out any special reference to the Coleoptera, of which this present volume is composed, we are induced to believe that Mr. Wollaston contemplates examining, with similar minuteness, the remaining orders of Madeiran insect life.

Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. Longman and Co.

[Second Notice.]

On arriving at the Hellespont, Lord Carlisle revels with true Hellenic enthusiasm in Homer and all the classic reminiscences of the locality. Here he passes Lampsacus, the city assigned by the great king to furnish wine to Themistocles; there the mouth of the Egos-potamos, the grave of Athenian supremacy, the Apasus, the Practius, and the Selle, which sent their complements to the armies of Troy; and anon the channel from Sestos to Abydos, swam over by Leander and Lord Byron, and probably bridged over by Xerxes, and crossed by Alexander. The chief object of his lordship's Homeric ardour was, however, to determine the site of the plain of Troy, and contrary to the opinions of Mr. Grote and one or two other historians, he is of opinion that the hill of Bounar Bachi is the Ilium of the Iliad. The spot in question is occupied at present by a farm of 3000 acres, belonging to our consul Mr. Calvert. On crossing the valley of Thymbræa the noble traveller observed some marble fragments of ruins, which he thinks may be remains of the ancient temple of the Thymbræan Apollo; and on learning that Mr. Calvert had discovered in one part of his farm a mound, containing a layer of calcined human bones, with a large quantity of ashes, his lordship remarks:—

"Might not these, possibly, have been the bones of the Trojans burned during the truce obtained by Priam in the seventh book of the Iliad?"

With silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were placed;
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd,
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd."

The spot between two and three miles from Troy would be entirely suitable; not within, or just in front of the walls, like Hector, the real Astyanax, or Lord of the City, more so than either his father or his son, with a lordly pile of stones above him; but the crowd of dead had their tomb at a convenient distance,—the return to the town of the mourners being expressly mentioned; and the absence of cement in the inclosing wall might indicate a hurried construction, such as was to be expected from men who had to fight on the morrow.

"To any one who has coasted the uniform shore of the Hellespont, and crossed the tame low plain of the Troad, unexpectedly lovely is this site of Troy, if Troy it was. I could give any Cumberland borderer the best notion of it, by telling him that it wonderfully resembles the view from the point of the hill just outside the Roman camp at Burdoswald: both have that series of steep conical hills, with rock enough for wildness, and verdure enough for softness; both have that bright trail of a river creeping in and out with the most continuous indentations: the Simois has, in summer at least, more silvery shelves of sand; on the steep banks still graze the sheep of the breed of Ida, tended by shepherds perhaps not precisely in Phrygian caps, but with the most genuine crooks: above all, to quote again from the same passage in Lucan,

"Nullum est sine nomine saxum;"
and the reputed tomb of Hector, placed where, from the account in the Iliad, it might have been expected, crowns the glorious summit. In the descent, it is very easy to assign the quarter for the *loups*, or hill of wild fig-trees:

"That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where you wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy."

"From this comparison of the epithets contained in the Iliad with the surviving appearances of the spot—from the proved fact of a very considerable city having existed here—from its commanding site, its breezy exposure, its neighbourhood to the plain, its lovely landscape, its distance from the requisite objects,—from all these essential conditions meeting and harmonising here, I should have been quite prepared to infer that it is the place which the writer or writers of the Homeric poems (I hope that I express myself guardedly enough) intended for Troy. Strong additional confirmation appears to me supplied by the relative position of the large barrow, which has been supposed to be the tomb of *Æsicles*, that midway post between the city and the ships from which *Polites* reconnoitred the Grecian armament.

"Who from *Æsicles'* tomb observed the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay."

This mound, precisely where it ought to be, commanding the whole shore, and exposing a person stationed there to no risk of being cut off from the town, still meets your eye, wherever you turn, throughout the whole extent of the plain. The other barrows on the long stretch of shore commonly assigned to *Antilochus*, *Achilles*, *Patroclus*, and *Ajax*, though they might not have been good for much as insulated or unsupported testimony, yet in their adaptation to tradition, and in the continuity of the tradition, are not without their importance, especially in fixing the position of the Grecian fleet. The crowning proof, however, of this whole undying geography, is the position of the sources of the *Scamander*. What are the circumstances, as we know them from the poem? *Hector* had made his stand at the *Scorean* gates, obviously the usual means of access to the city from the plain; at the approach of *Achilles*, seized with sudden panic, he flies; the other pursues; they pass by the watch-tower, and hill of wild fig-trees, and, still under the wall, across the high-road, and then come to the springs of the *Scamander*, which are thus described:—

"Next by *Scamander's* double source they bound,
Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies:
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows,
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polished bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ore yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace."

"Now for the present reality. At the bottom of the slope, not far from the necessary position of the *Scorean* gates, the hill of wild fig-trees, and the high road, amidst a tuft of verdure formed by willows, poplars, and the festoons of the wild vine, among some smooth layers of rock, and one or two slabs of marble, well out three or four springs of most transparent water, one of which is of warmer temperature than the others, and in winter emits the appearance of smoke or vapour. From this most embowered spot, between flowery banks,

"Scamander's flowery side,"

the narrow silver rivulet proceeds to the plain, and to the clear basins of its source the women of the modern village still descend to wash their linen."

Six months afterwards, on his return tour, Lord Carlisle is again on Homeric ground at the Island of Corfu:—

"February 9th.—I walked in the morning to the ruins of the Temple of Neptune with Mr. Creyke, Sir Henry Ward's chaplain, a most agreeable and attractive companion, which I am not the less willing to admit for his being an East Riding man. The sites explain the *Odyssey* almost as clearly as *Bounar Bachi* does the *Iliad*. The temple of the sea-god could not have been more fitly placed, upon a grassy platform of most elastic turf, on the brow of a crag commanding harbour, and channel, and ocean. Just in the entrance of the inner harbour, there is a picturesque rock, with a small convent perched upon it, which by one legend is the transformed pinnace of *Ulysses*:—

"Swift, as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And rests her down an everlasting rock."

"Almost the only river in the island is just at the proper distance from the probable site of the city and palace of the King to justify the Princess Nausicaa having had resort to her chariot, and to luncheon, when she went with the maidens of the court to wash their garments:—

"The Queen, assiduous to her train, assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavorful wines,
Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins
Shine in her hand; along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules."

In the afternoon I walked to the village of Potamo, and some heights above it; it is pleasant during rather a long stretch—

"To pluck the pendent orange as it grows."

After spending many pleasant hours on the shores of the Bosphorus, and enjoying a picnic with Lord Stratford and Lady Emily Dundas, on the summit of the Giant's Mountain in Therapia, Lord Carlisle pursues his tour in the *Caradoc*. Passing 'Seio's rocky isle,' and touching at Rhodes, his lordship was, however, taken suddenly ill, and remained at the hospitable dwelling of the vice-consul, Mr. Newton, for nearly a month, suffering from an attack of small-pox:—

"The ailment indeed has been a sorry check to my few allotted months of Eastern travel, but it has been tempered by very many special calls for gratitude: it found me not in some lone Turkish village, not in a confined steam-boat, not in a tent amid the desert, but in a well-built airy house, on an island reputed the healthiest of the Sporades, the windows of my own bed-room commanding the purple strait between us and the indented mountains of Asia; with a host to whom making exertions and sacrifices for others is the pleasurable exercise of his own bright nature, without any family to inspire fears of infection, with judicious advice on the spot to watch the early symptoms, and with the best medical skill of the Levant scouring about in steamers to speed my recovery. Be the praise where it is due! Be the impression what it should be!"

Two months from this the convalescent traveller reached the crowning object of his expedition:—

"November 18th.—I came twice on the deck out of my birth to hail the point of Sunium, or Cape Colonna, like the Greek sailors of old.

"O could I climb the woody steep,
That hangs incubent o'er the deep,
From Sunium's cliff by waves for ever beat!
Thence should my eye the lovely prospect greet,
And smile on sacred Athens rising at my feet."

"However, the Dalmatian sailors do not observe the same ceremony, and I could neither make them understand me, nor point out the right headland. Still, I saw the sun rise bright and clear upon the Piraeus; the water was blue and still, and the whole renowned panorama clear and vivid in the young warm ray: Salamis just beyond the azure stripe of sea, then Mount Parnes, then Pontelicus, then Hymettus, with the Acropolis just visible beneath. We were set free from our quarantine at ten, and I drove up to Athens, having contrived to have no one with me, which I always consider very essential for first approaches."

Here, says Lord Carlisle, our minister, Mr. Wyse, laid friendly force on him, and in a hasty walk "we passed in succession Hadrian's arch, the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, the fountain of Callirhoe, the bed of the Ilyssus, the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the site of the theatre of Bacchus, the portico of the Furies, the theatre of Herodes Atticus, the Areopagus, the temple of Theseus;—reserving the Parthenon for ampler leisure, and a brighter, though it could not easily be a softer sky. We went on to the temple of the Winds; the sculpture is but coarse; then

to the gate of the new Agora, of rather graceful Doric in the time of Augustus; and to the portico of Hadrian, where there is another collection of ancient fragments. Nothing can exceed the neglected and squalid condition of these interesting buildings; the temple of the Winds was undergoing a systematic pelting from the ingenuous boyhood of Athens. It can hardly have been worse in Turkish times, and it certainly continues to afford the best justification to Lord Elgin." Then came a visit to the Acropolis:—

"November 22nd.—I at last accomplished the Acropolis. Mr. Wyse could not come with me, but consigned me to the charge of M. Pittakys, the director of antiquities, who showed and explained the whole sacred site, in the most obliging and thoroughly competent manner. One sees, indeed, that it is a labour of love with him; he spends part of every day on the spot, and he has done very much in clearing the ground, and classifying the fragments. It does not rest with him that a great deal more is not done, and he is very intent on having some unostentatious building erected for a museum on the spot. To him, among many other things, are due the opening of the way under the Propylæa, and the absolute discovery of the temple of Victory 'without wings.' A gateway immediately opposite to the centre of the Propylæa has recently been brought to light by the excavations made by a French gentleman, but this is confidently set down to 400 years after Christ. Concerning the general effect of the whole, with which I alone pretend to deal, everything is most imposing, everything most beautiful. The approach through the five-fold depth of the columns of the Propylæa is august in the highest degree; the triple divisions of the Erechtheum are full of the most delicate grace; the temple of the unwinged Victory is exquisitely small; but of course all emotion and glory are concentrated in the Parthenon. This is the building in which no human being has yet been able to discover a fault, but in which, on the contrary, every new year is discovering unsuspected wonders of skill and harmonies of combination. Into these, as I need not again intimate, I dare not enter: how the spans of the shaft and how the spaces of the intercolumniations differ in order to produce the effect of agreement; how the predominance of convex lines makes the whole building look larger than it really is, from distant points of view, while the non-observance of the same laws at the Bavarian Valhalla, make it, and all other copies of the original, look smaller than they really are: but here you have the temple of Pericles and his Phidias, shattered, defaced, stripped,—by Goth, by Venetian, by Turk, by earthquake, by time, by Lord Elgin,—still serene in its indestructible beauty; still giving the model and the law to every clime and every age."

We reluctantly pass over Lord Carlisle's interesting account of his visit to the Field of Marathon. In a few days we find him passing the Syrian coast to Tripoli, on his way to Alexandria:—

"December 17th.—Bright, soft day, along the Syrian coast. I must make this a rhymed entry.

"Blow, gentle-airs! but on your balmy wing
I ask no flowery tribute of the spring,
No spicy buds in Antioch's vale that bloom,
No silken stores from rich Aleppo's loom,
Nor all the wealth that down Orontes' tide
With Syrian softness harder climes supplied.
Blow, gentle-airs! on this fair eastern eve
With breath as holy as the land we leave;
From Lebanon's peaks, from blue Gennesareth's shore,
On the worn heart divine refreshment pour;
From Nazareth's slope, from high Capernaum's crest,
Shed heavenly healing on the sinful breast;
And in the calm and brightness mirror'd here,
Waft the blest presage of a purer sphere."

On reaching Alexandria, Lord Carlisle felt too unwell to proceed, as was his intention, to Egypt:—

"January 2nd.—The Colombo steamer arrived, and I took places for Malta. I part with regret

from Abraham Pappi, my purposed dragoman; there certainly seems to have been a destiny against our being together. The crossing of the passengers to and from India, with heaps of children, black nurses, &c., gives much animation to this hotel; and the donkey drivers make really fierce contentions in the street, so that it is almost perilous to get into the mêlée. I walked to Cleopatra's Needle, and drank tea with the Consul."

On the following day Lord Carlisle visited Caesar's Camp, and saw Mr. Robert Stephenson, who had arrived "in his yacht, the graceful *Titania*," to superintend the progress of the Cairo railway. "In the afternoon," says his Lordship, "I turned my back upon the southern sun and embarked for Malta. We had about seventy adult passengers, seventeen children, and two lions; the children roared, but not the lions. We had a most intelligent doctor, which was a great thing for me. I made a point of walking ten miles a day on deck." The traveller again visited Athens, dining in state, in his Lord Lieutenant's uniform, with the Hellenic king and queen; and here we must find room for his account of a classic trip to the Argolid:—

"March 19th.—We were mounted on horseback by six, saw the sun rise clear and cloudless on the Argive Gulf, forded the Charadrus and Inachus, and arrived at Mycenæ. This has great interest and beauty: in its site it singularly resembles Troy; it has not so good a river as the Simois, but the view before us was the rich plain of Argos, 'famed for generous steeds,' now brightly green with the young corn;—the encircling chains of the Laconian, the Argive, and Nemean Mountains, still vividly white with snow;—the high-peaked citadel of Argos itself opposite to us;—lower down the sharp-edged rock and sea-washed promontory of Nauplia;—the blue bay below;—the wall of Tiryns;—the marsh of Lerna. Apart even from all associations, the massive construction of the subterranean chambers, called the Treasury of Atreus and Tomb of Agamemnon, of the walls of the Acropolis, and the Gate of Lions, is most striking. I thought the lions themselves (forgive me, ye Atridae!) a little like the one in front of Buckingham Palace. But, with becoming hesitation be it said, we do not think that the murder of Agamemnon took place here, but at Argos. I admit that it costs something not to place the form of Cassandra, heaving with the last ecstasies of prophecy and song, before the still-existing Gate of Lions. Moreover, Mycenæ seems to have been undoubtedly the capital and royal residence of Agamemnon, while Argos was under Diomed; but it is to be observed, on the other side, that in the memorable description of the successive beacons which announced the capture of Troy in the 'Agamemnon' of *Eschylus* (that great tragedy, which seems to me to hold the same place in the Greek theatre that 'Macbeth' does in ours), if of the two last summits which intervene between Cithæron and the Palace of Clytemnestra, *Ægipanctus* be Mount Geranion, and the Arachnean Peak be the highest mountain above Epidaurus, now called, it would seem, Mount Kehli, and supposed, from the interlacing of its rocky crevices, to suggest the idea of a spider;—this, the last summit of all, is visible from Argos, and not from Mycenæ: then, as to the internal evidence from the play, if I remember right, Argos is the word used throughout, though, as it was probably the place of disembarkation, which Mycenæ could not be, this may not be in itself a conclusive point.

"After descending from Mycenæ, we looked for what our guide knew nothing about, and Professor Felton had inquired for the other day in vain; but we succeeded, by the aid of Col. Mure's 'Tour in Greece,' and 'Murray's Handbook,' in finding the Heraeum, or great Temple of Juno. The list of its Priestesses used to be preserved, like those of Kings and Archons. It is about three

miles from Mycenæ, on the left of the road to Nauplia: there are four distinct terraces, with very large substructions; the position near the base of the hills, when its white frontal gleamed over the rest of the plain, must have been very imposing, and explains the fitness, and almost the necessity, in such sites and under such skies, of the long processions, winding over the level ground below, and ascending the successive flights of steps to the porticos above. As it was thought that the straightest road back over the plain would be too wet from the melting of snows, we returned to Argos (not now deserving its Homeric epithet of *πολὺνιψον*, thirsty), saw the remains of its theatre, of a temple of Venus, and of a Roman bath; stopped on our way to look at Tiryns, and its famed Cyclopean walls, for which, however, I did not particularly care; nor did the stones appear more gigantic than those of Mycenæ, the Heraeum, or the Pnyx at Athens. There is a very pretty vista of landscape through one of the old galleries built in the wall. I need not repeat that I do not affect to enter into architectural detail; but both in this gallery, and the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, you have clearly the pointed arch to all virtual effect in the earliest known architecture of Greece. When we got back to Nauplia, I went up what seemed the interminable series of stairs to the summit of the upper citadel, called the Palamede."

Corfu was now visited, and Lord Carlisle returned, after nearly a twelvemonth's absence, by way of Venice and the Lake of Como. Though struck "with the beauty, the grandeur, and, above all, the originality" of this "fairest city of the earth," he was very much impressed at first sight with the idea of "Oxford in the middle of the sea." Como presented a delightful closing picture to the tour:

"May 18th.—Railed to Como; then began a journey in a light carriage I had taken at Milan to carry me over the St. Gothard Pass. This was the only bit of the pure old aristocratic travelling I have had in all my journeys, and it is, certainly, far from uncomfortable. We began, however, with a fractious horse; and the delay enabled me, by a small deviation from the road, to get to a garden on a hill; and if I had been months instead of minutes at Como, I do not think I could have got a more transcendent view of its enchanting lake. I decidedly put it at the head of all lakes. Killarney, I believe, stood highest with me before: hesitatingly, I preferred it to the Lago Maggiore; but at Como, besides the silver sheet and encircling mountains, and all that nature does for other places, you have that fringe of villa, portico, and garden—the sheltered port, with its sculptured piers and swelling dome,—in short, all Italy itself poured out upon every promontory, and decorating every slope. The whole journey to Bellinzona, the rise from Lake Lugano, the descent upon Maggiore, make it a matchless day.

"May 19th.—Started at Six. The whole upper valley of the Ticino is varied, rich, and cheerful. The great difference between the Alpine mountain scenery and that of Greece is the soft drapery of verdure and vegetation which stretches in Italy up to the snow line. From Airolo—perhaps not very wisely—I made the ascent up to the summit on foot. This did very well as long as I walked in sunlight; but on the higher levels I found cloud and mist above, and snow under foot, and I arrived at the Hospice, wet, shivering, done up; I was revived by the attentions of two maids of the dwelling—no longer monks—who placed me, not by or near, but upon a stove, and gave me brandy and Gruyère cheese: and my restoration was still more completely effected at a very good clean inn at the next station on the descent—Höpenthal."

Without showing any political bias, Lord Cariisle speaks admirably of the character and industry of the Greeks, compared with the peculation, irregularity, and indolence of the Turks; but of the heroic spirit of the Turkish rulers he speaks in glowing terms,

whilst the government of Greece seems to him "to be about the most inefficient, corrupt, and, above all, contemptible, with which a nation was ever cursed."

The Bungalow and the Tent; or, A Visit to Ceylon. By Edward Sullivan. Bentley.

"It has been laid to the charge of many authors," says Mr. Sullivan, "that they deprive themselves of sleep, in order to procure it for their readers." Our recollection of his 'Rambles and Scrambles in America' assured us, however, that he would not be himself open to this allegation. Ceylon and its elephant-hunting has indeed been described *ad nauseam*, but with the shrewd remarks and witty inuendoes which Mr. Sullivan's lively temperament has enabled him to bring to bear on the subject, we are presented with a rather smart picture of Cingalese life. The opening passage is characteristic:—

"I know of no spot in either hemisphere, where tropical nature indulges in more marvellous redundancy than at Point de Galle; and after the sun-dried regions successively brought under the notice of the overland traveller, this luxuriance becomes still more remarkable. Malta is less vegetable than Gibraltar, Suez more sapless than either; and, excepting the Oasis of Cairo, and a distant view of the serpentine valley of the Nile, there is actually not a green spot from the Needles to the Strait of Babelmandel. When, after ten dreary, stifling days in the Red Sea, the passenger is landed at that culminating point of desolation (in this planet, at least), the Crater of Aden, the bias of his mind, as regards the gorgeous East, will have been disturbed, the current of his imagination dried up, and he will probably return to his steamer with the disagreeable conviction that he is the victim of misplaced confidence, that tropical luxuriance is a humbug, and that he and his companions are the only green things he is likely to see, until he finds his way back to less husky and more aqueous climes. I don't suppose any two places on the globe's surface illustrate more strongly than Aden and Point de Galle, the partiality with which Nature has distributed her blessings. One might imagine the former to have been totally overlooked when vegetation was being served out; while it seems as though Pan, Pales, Flora, or Pomona, or whoever was entrusted with that duty, had, in a frolicsome spirit of exuberant generosity, emptied the cornucopia of vegetation intended for a whole continent, on the summit of the latter. It is literally smothered in verdant luxuriance, which heaped, massed, jumbled together in indescribable profusion, is barely restrained within its natural limits by the envious waves of the opposing ocean. At the entrance of the harbour are three or four detached rocks, on which some coco palms have established themselves, and there, without any nourishment, apparently, but the salt brine, they flourish and bear fruit, and remind the scholar of the Isolated Rock of Charybdis, on whose 'crown,' as Palinurus in blank verse poetically informed *Eneas*,

"A fig's green branches rise
And shoot a lofty forest to the skies!"

The Buddhist Feast of Pirahara we do not remember to have seen described:—

"During a second visit to Kandy on my return, I had the fortune to be present during the most sacred and most strictly observed of all the Buddhist feasts; not that it was either amusing or instructive, but still, from my knowledge of it, I was enabled to judge of the truth of the accounts of others. It is called the feast of the Pirahara, and extends over a period of seven or eight days; the processions and public part of the business commence after dark, and continue nearly the whole night. I inquired of the best local authority, but could hear no very distinct explanation of its origin or intention. From what I could

gather, however, I imagine it is some kind of propitiatory offering to the God of rain, whose kind offices are expected about that season. The most effective part of the play appeared to me to consist in the parading backwards and forwards of seven elephants, decked in all kinds of tawdry ornaments, carrying howdahs, in which was nothing visible to the uninitiated, followed by crowds of men bearing palankeens, also empty; they were followed by some hundreds of headmen and chiefs, all attired in their best, and cheered, or rather stunned, by an accompaniment of tom-toms and pipes.

"Music, the *regina sensuum*, as she is termed, has not, in our meaning of the word, extended her queenly sway over the East, for a more intolerable and hideous discord than the church music of the Hindu and Buddhist temples in India and Ceylon, it is impossible to conceive. These concerts commenced every day exactly at our dinner hour, and utterly interrupted the flow of soul which is usually supposed to be a concomitant of that sociable meal. 'The concert of musicians at a banquet,' may, indeed, 'be like a carbuncle set in gold,' but the musicians of King Solomon must have had a little stronger appreciation of melody than those of Kandy.

"In the procession I observed several Fakkeers (men who try to establish a character for holiness by public exhibitions of torture and self-mortification), one of whom had certainly taken the most efficient means for displaying his efforts in the cause of sanctity, by conduct that showed that he had no need of the warning about placing his light under a bushel: he had run a stick or wire through both his cheeks, and stuck a lighted candle at each extremity, at the distance of about six inches from his face; it had a very disgusting appearance, but from the earnest manner in which he attracted our attention to it, I have no doubt it was considered a work of especial merit.

"The high caste Kandians are very jealous regarding their hereditary dress, and any assumption of undue finery by low caste man, meets with instantaneous punishment. Until very lately neither low caste men or women were allowed to wear their cloth or petticoat lower than the knees, whereas the higher castes extend them down to the ground. In the low country of Ceylon, the size and quality of the comb is the great criterion of rank, and if a barber or a shoemaker, or any degraded caste, assumes a comb of extra size and superior quality, he merits exactly the same punishment as he who in the upper country assumes a decent elongation of petticoat.

"The feast of the Pirahara attracts great numbers from the surrounding country, and for that reason it was the season fixed upon for the revolt of 1848; but, as I before remarked, a premature disturbance in the districts disconcerted the original plans of the rebels. The processions, after parading and annoying the town during eight or ten days, or rather nights, conclude by a grand flare up on the banks of the river Maha-Villaganga, where, amidst a din of pipes and muskets, tom-toms and cracked trumpets, enough to deter the god of rain from ever approaching the spot, if he has any ear for music, a chatty, or large earthen jar, is broken with great solemnity."

Elephant hunting had, of course, its charms and dangers for Mr. Sullivan, but we have had enough of this brutal and useless sport, and we pass on to some interesting notes of Cingalese ruins:

"After leaving the river, our route skirted several ruined tanks, some of very large size, seven or eight miles in circumference. I suppose there is no country in the world, of equal size, which can show so many remains of works of irrigation and past civilization as Ceylon. Cingalese historians affirm that there were formerly 200,000 artificial tanks in the island. I should say 20,000, or even 2000, would be nearer the truth. Many of them are as large as the most magnificent ones in India. Mantotte is sixteen or eighteen miles in extent, and Minere is even larger. When one takes into consideration the immense size of the stones, and

the long distances whence they must have been transported, through districts now impassable from jungle, the amount of labour visible in these tanks is really very astonishing. The stones are fashioned with chisel and wedge as at present, although the natives affirm that they are 1500 years old; however, all dates in Ceylon are most indefinite. They say there were giants in those days, and that the works now visible, and astonishing the traveller, are those of a race of men forty feet high. The natives particularly assert that no elephants were employed in their construction.

"Some curious thoughts strike one in passing these remains of former prosperity and population; we see in them, not the remains of a people who though conquered still exist, but of a race that has been entirely swept away from the face of the earth. Ceylon, formerly with a population of five or six millions, and supplying the whole of the Coromandel coast and other parts of India with rice, has now scarcely a population of forty mouths to the square mile, and even these, but for the supplies of grain from the Malabar coast, would starve.

As it is quite possible that our little planet has almost accomplished its brief span in the cycle of eternity, and that soon it will, by one of those convulsions that are daily taking place, and apparent even to our limited vision, in the immensity of space, drop from its orbit, be burnt up by a comet, change the angle of its axis, or commit some other vagary that will render it uninhabitable by human beings with lungs and atmospheric necessities, we ought properly to be approaching that state in which we are led to expect the 'lion will lie down with the lamb,' and the earth, thoroughly peopled and civilized, will contain but one universal faith. It is very startling, then, to find that to all appearance the world is just as far removed from this state of universal excellence and civilization, as in the earliest days of which we have any notice; it would seem as if civilization were a constant quantity, neither increasing nor diminishing, but only changing the sphere of its influence. It appears to ebb and flow with much the same regularity as the tides of the ocean: if it is high tide in one quarter of the globe, it is low in the other. There is an old French proverb, which remarks that vice is also a constant quantity, and never varies; '*Moins il y a de frivoles aux galeries, plus il y en a dehors*,' and *vice versa*.

"The glory of the East, of Babylon, Jerusalem, Egypt, Tyre, Greece, and Rome, has departed, and we can hardly assert that the blank is more than supplied by the civilization of the western portion of Europe, and the continent of America. But even the civilization of that new world seems to have prospered and arisen on the ruins of polished and refined nations, of whom we have not even the most remote conception or tradition. The ruins of Mexico and Yucatan, of Peru and Ohio, prove beyond a doubt, that whatever may have been the state of those countries when discovered by Europeans, and whatever may be the amount of ignorance and degradation which now envelops some of them, yet they were at one time inhabited by nations at least as enlightened as some of the present kingdoms of Europe.

"Many of the ruins of Ceylon are very remarkable, and on the grandest scale. The city of Anurajahpoorah, which I before had occasion to mention, contained a palace with 1600 columns, of fine marble and elaborate workmanship; a temple composed of 366 pagodas, 24 of great size, some 270 feet in height, made of solid brickwork, and once entirely covered with chunam, or lime formed of oyster-shells, which, when properly prepared, takes as good a polish, and is almost as durable, as marble."

Our traveller seems to have been much impressed with the climatal peculiarities of Ceylon:—

"But there is a monotony in the seasons that becomes tiresome; it is *always summer*, the only change being from wet to dry. For six months, or rather nine months, it is a rainless, for the other three a drenching summer. There is no

autumn, no winter; and that most delicious spring-time, when one fancies the Divine Creator grants new leases, and imparts fresh life and vigour to all the works and creatures of His hand; when birds and beasts, men and plants, seem striving to make the most of their appointed season; when every day, nay, almost every hour, sees the buttercup or the primrose, the violet or the bluebell, springing up, and re-decking their accustomed haunts; 'when the time of the singing bird is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land,' when the days are too short for the nest-building of the thrush, and the honey-gathering of the bee, for the poor man's toil, and for the rich man's enjoyment; when the young salmon dashes joyously to the sea, and the old salmon betakes himself, fat and silvery, to the rivers, &c. &c. &c., and all that sort of thing (sentiment does not operate beneficially in these days, unless applied in very strong doses), is entirely wanting in Ceylon. *Toujours perdrix* is a nuisance, and continual summer is one also."

And the suddenness with which the dead are removed, owing to the decomposing tropical heat of the locality:—

"The more one sees of the world, the more one becomes convinced that one's existence and welfare is of far more importance to oneself than to any other person, and the feeling of selfishness thereby engendered does not improve our nature. We are often shocked to find how soon we are reconciled to the loss, or to the misfortunes, of our friends; and we cannot expect that they will bewail our individual sufferings to any greater extent. In India, where deaths are so sudden, you sup with a man one night, attend his funeral the next morning, and probably dine with some of his most intimate friends that evening, after attending the sale of his effects, this feeling of selfishness increases more than in Europe. A friend of mine in India told me that his death from cholera had been reported and credited, and the evening of the day on which the report reached the Presidency, he walked into the billiard-room of the club, and he said that his eyes were never more completely opened to the actual value and duration of friendship, and of the utter unimportance of any individual life to the general routine and amusement of society, than by finding his most intimate and affectionate friends playing and smoking, and chaffing away as usual, having, in a very few hours, got over the shock, and reconciled themselves completely to his sudden loss. Of course they were very happy to see him, and shook him by the hand, with 'By Jove, old fellow, I thought you were dead,' &c. &c. But an occurrence of that nature could not fail to prove to a man of the most moderate discrimination, that his existence was of remarkably little consequence, even in his own small world.

"The difference between sickness and death in the East and in Europe is this: in India, as I have said, the last details are hurried over as quickly as possible; the blow is so sudden, the shaft from the quiver of the 'rider on the white horse' dealt with so unerring an aim, that the shock is past almost before one is aware the blow has been struck; and when you see the man standing at your elbow struck down, your first feeling is one of selfish congratulation at having escaped a similar fate. In England it is different: there you see your friends sinking gradually, but surely, to their end; you may meet one apparently in the full enjoyment of health, but you know that the hand of death has set his seal, and that he will as assuredly claim that fair form within a certain number of weeks or months, as that night will succeed the day. The former may be compared to a gust of wind suddenly extinguishing the lamp that is in your hand; the latter, to a lamp which can last but a certain time, its light and brilliancy sink lower and lower, and become more feeble with every breath, and you watch the uncertain return of its flickerings with the painful, oppressive conviction that each one may be the last. I cannot help fancying that the former bereavement is the

more bearable; and that what one is in the habit of attributing to a certain recklessness regarding death in India, is in reality nothing more nor less than habit."

Mr. Sullivan is not wanting in talent or observation, and we would recommend him to visit countries of which less is known than that which is the subject of his present volume.

Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War.

From the Hungarian of Moritz Jokai. With prefatory notice by Emeric Szabad, author of 'Hungary, Past and Present,' Constable and Co.

Athens, and the Peloponnes, with Sketches of Northern Greece. From the German of Hermann Hettner. Constable and Co.

These works form the first two volumes of a new series of publications, to appear under the general title of 'The Miscellany of Foreign Literature.' The publishers propose to make selections from the whole range of modern literature, and to issue about six volumes yearly. The two which have been published may be taken as specimens at once of the quality and of the variety of works to be included in the series. Jokai is one of the most popular of the Hungarian prose writers of fiction of the day. He was first known to his countrymen by a novel entitled 'The Common Days,' and a collection of tales under the title of 'Wild Flowers.' The present volume has been chiefly written since the late national movement, and embodies descriptions of some of the scenes of the civil war by which the country was devastated from 1848 to 1850. Some historical interest therefore belongs to the tales, but they are of more value as exhibiting striking pictures of national life and manners, both among the nobility and peasantry of Hungary. One of the sketches relating to the memorable siege of Comorn thus commences:—

"Monument of war! unhappy and deserted town! where are thy churches and thy towers—thy hospitable mansions and thy lively inhabitants? Where are the cheerful bells, calling the people to prayer, and the sound of music to mirth?

"Alas! what a contrast from the proud fortress of former times, when the pinnacles of many a tower or steeple were seen glistening from afar, with their single and double crosses, their eagles and golden balls!

"There were churches in Comorn unrivalled in Hungary for their beautiful frescoes. There was the great Universal Academy, opposite the Reformed Church; the old County-house, crowning three streets; the gigantic Town-hall; the great Military Hospital; the fine row of buildings on the Danube, which gave the town the air of a great city; the High Street, with its quaint edifices; the Calvary, and the romantic promenade in the centre of the town.

"In the midst of the Danube there is a little island—*whoever has seen it in former days may have an idea of paradise!* On crossing the bridge which united it to the town, an alley of gigantic palm-pines extended from one end of the island to the other, through which the rays of the sun gleamed like a golden network. The island was beautifully laid out in gardens, which furnished the town with fruit. In summer, the gay population held many a *fête* here.

"Then in winter, when the cold confined the inhabitants to the town, what merriment and cheerfulness were to be seen everywhere! The young men of the district assembled for the Christmas tree and the Carnival festivities. Every mansion was open, and its hospitable landlord ready to receive alike rich and poor.

"On Sundays and holidays, as soon as the early

bells began to toll, a serious and well-conditioned population were seen crowding to the churches—the women in silken dresses, the men in rich pelisses fastened with heavy golden clasps; and when an offering was wanting, none were found remiss. At one oration by a popular preacher, the magnates deposited their jewelled clasps, buttons, and gold chains, in heaps at the threshold of the church; and with this gift the vast school was built which stood opposite the Reformed Church.

"All this was—and is no more! Two-thirds of the edifices have been reduced to ashes; three churches—among them the double-towered one with the fine frescoes, the Town-hall, the County-house, the Hospital, the High Street, the Danube row, and the entire square, with more than a thousand houses, have been burnt to the ground! What remained was battered to pieces by the balls, and destroyed by the inundation and the ice in the following spring.

"The beautiful island was laid waste, the trees cut down and the bridge destroyed! Where are the joyous scenes of the past, the pleasant intercourse, and the gay society? The carnival music and the holiday bells are mute; the streets are empty, the houses roofless, and the people wretched.

"It was a fearful night—raining, freezing, and blowing hard, while the shells were bursting over the town, and whistling like wingless demons through the midnight air. The congreve rocket ascended in its serpentine flight, shaking its fiery tail; while the heavy bomb rose higher and higher, trembling with the fire within, till, suddenly turning, it fell to the earth with a fearful crash, or, bursting in the air, scattered its various fragments far and wide upon the roofs below.

"The szurok koszorus descended like falling meteors, while here and there a fiery red ball darted up between them, like a star of destruction rising from hell. It seemed indeed as if the infernal regions had risen against heaven, and were venting their fury against the angels,—bringing down hosts of stars with the voice of thunder.

"Several houses on which the bombs descended had taken fire, and the wind carrying the sparks from roof to roof, a church, which had hitherto escaped destruction, was soon enveloped in flames. It was the Reformed Church. Some zealous partisans of this faith endeavoured to rescue their church; but they were few, and, after great exertions, amidst showers of balls, which whistled incessantly around, they succeeded at last in preventing the fire extending further; but there were not enough of hands to save the church—the flames had already reached the tower.

"The light of the burning church gleamed far through the darkness on a troop of horsemen, who were hastening towards the fortress. They were hussars; their leader was a short, strong-built man, with light-brown hair and a ruddy complexion, which was heightened by the glare of the fire. His lips were compressed, and his eye flashed as he pointed towards the burning tower, and redoubled his speed. On reaching the Danube they were promptly challenged by the sentinel; and the leader, snatching a paper from his bosom, presented it to the officer on guard, who, after a hasty glance, saluted the stranger respectfully, and suffered the troop to pass across into the town.

"At the extremity of the street which leads to the Vag, and where there was least danger to be apprehended from the enemy's battery, their progress was arrested by a crowd of men, principally officers of the national guard, who were standing gazing on the fire.

"The leader of the troop rode up to them, and inquired, in a voice of stern command, what their business was in that quarter.

"Who are you, sir?" replied a stout gentleman, with a large beard and a gold-braided pelisse, in a tone of offended dignity.

"It was easy to judge by his appearance that he was one of those representative dignitaries, ever jealous of their authority before the military.

"My name is Richard Guyon!" replied the stranger; 'henceforward commander of this fort. I ask again, gentlemen, what do you want here?'

"At the mention of this name, some voices among the crowd cried, 'Eljen!' (vivat!)

"I don't want Eljen," cried Guyon, 'but deeds! Why are none of you assisting to extinguish the fire?'

"I beg your pardon, General," replied the municipal major sheepishly, assuming a parliamentary attitude before the commander, 'but really the balls are flying so thickly in that direction, it would be only tempting Providence and throwing away lives in vain.'

"The soldier's place is where the balls are flying—move on, gentlemen!'

"Excuse me, General, probably you have not witnessed it; but really the enemy are firing in such an unloyal manner, not only bombs of a hundred and sixty pounds' weight, and shells which burst in every direction, but also grenades, and fiery balls of every description, which are all directed against those burning houses." The worthy major endeavoured to introduce as much rhetoric as possible into his excuses.

"Will you go, sir, or will you not?" cried the General, cutting short his oration, and drawing a pistol from his saddle bow, he deliberately pointed it at the forehead of the argumentative major, indicating that his present position was as dangerous as the one he dreaded in the midst of bombs and fiery balls.

"Mercy!" he stammered; 'I only wished to express my humble opinion.'

"I am not used to many words. In the hour of danger, I command my men to *follow*, not to *precede* me; whoever has any feeling of honour has heard my words;" and, dashing his spurs into his horse, he galloped forward.

"In a few seconds the place was empty—not a man remained behind. An hour afterwards, thousands were eagerly working to extinguish the fire. The commander himself, foremost in the danger, seemed to be everywhere at once; wherever the balls flew thickest and the fire raged most furiously, his voice was heard exciting and encouraging his men. 'Never mind the balls, my lads, they never strike those who do not fear them.'

"At that instant the aide-de-camp at his side was struck down by a twenty-four pounder. The General, without being disengaged by this *mal-à-propos* sequel to his words, only added—'Or when they do, it is glorious death!'

"A universal 'Eljen!' rose above the thunder of the cannon and the howling of the elements."

Some of the sketches present pictures of quieter scenes, and bring vividly before the reader the social usages and domestic life of the people. But we forbear from extracts, wishing to leave space for quoting part of M. Szabad's prefatory notice of recent Hungarian literature:—

"The state of the country in the eighteenth century, somewhat relieved by the reign of Maria Theresa, was, after such a long series of calamities, not much calculated to foster the cultivation of science and poetry; nor did any fresh symptoms of the national life spring clearly into view before the beginning of the present century. True, that even amid the storms of the past generations, there appeared from time to time writers, whose names survive to the present day. But, with a few exceptions, chiefly in the department of poetry, all the works of that time were but insipid imitations which aspired to be thought original, but were little fitted either to please or to instruct.

"After such a gloomy past as has been here shortly described, it will seem very natural, that with the awakening of the national mind the career of literature, suddenly interrupted by the late war, should be bold, steadily progressive, and triumphant, despite the narrow and contemptible canons of censors. As to prose fiction, it must be observed that it is of quite recent growth. The beginning of this species of composition was made about fifteen years ago by Baron Nicholaus Josika, who soon found successful rivals in Kuthy and Baron Eötvös. Jokai, who is now the favourite of the public,

belongs, as has been already observed, to the younger staff of writers.

"It would be a mistake to imagine, from the Eastern origin of the Magyars, that the tales and romances to be found in the Hungarian language bear any resemblance to the 'Arabian Nights,' or the familiar poetry of the East in general. None of the writers above mentioned carries the reader to fairy realms, and superhuman characters. In plot, tendency, and execution, Hungarian prose fiction is identified with the modern novel of the rest of Europe—deriving, withal, its most pleasing characteristics from the peculiar features of Hungarian life and history, as well as from the native idiom, which differs entirely in its figures, and many of its expressions, from the other cultivated languages. It must, however, here be added, that the more the time approached to the great catastrophe, the more the general literature partook of political character—a circumstance attributable to the censorship, which did not allow political questions to be discussed in their proper place. The novel or romance writer, not being so suspicious to the censor as the politician, often intermingled his love scenes and adventures with single touches, unfinished periods, and marks of exclamation, which escaped the vigilance and attention of the scissorman, but were only too well understood by those to whom they were addressed. Even the literary journals, sternly interdicted from meddling with politics, swarmed with allusions to the questions of the day; and while tending to cultivate the taste of the public, their usefulness was greater than might have been expected in rearing new labourers for the field of literature. In the presence of a public eminently conservative as regards book-buying, not a tenth part of the more highly gifted youth would have gone farther than the composing of some slight specimens while at college, had it not been for the encouragement given by three weekly journals. The first of these periodicals, entitled the 'Honoreru,' was started by Lazarus Horvath, a gentleman who had travelled much in Europe, and was familiar with high life, and who is known as the unsuccessful translator of 'Childe Harold.' The two other journals, started afterwards, were conducted by Frankenbarg and Vachot. It was through the medium of these latter papers that the young bard Petöfi sent forth his wild, touching strains, and that Jokai, his intimate friend, became gradually known, when the unexpected events of 1848 changed the face of the whole country. Disastrous civil feuds, commenced on the one hand by the Slavonic population in the south of Hungary, and on the other by the Wallachians or Roumains in Transylvania, were followed by a desolating general war; and for nearly two years nothing was heard but the din of arms. Two or three daily papers alone testified that literary life was not yet extinct in the nation. As almost every one did who felt in any way capable of serving his country, Jokai followed the Government (obliged to abandon the capital to the Austrians in the beginning of 1849) to the town of Debreczin, on the other side of the Theiss, where he conducted for a short time a small political journal. The rapid progress of the Hungarian arms in the same year, followed by the Russian invasion, was, as the reader may be aware, suddenly converted into a most disastrous defeat. The subjugated country was handed over to General Haynau; the nationality of its people was destroyed, and its noblest defenders fled into other lands, or awaited certain death in their own. The country people, struck with fear and amazement, confined themselves in sombre silence to their homes, which were filled with disguised literati, and other classes of delinquents; the different races of the population, their hands yet wet with blood, gazed confusedly on the ruins of their own working; the streets of Pesth, the gay capital, were deserted, and the single voice that broke the deep silence was that which pronounced in its official organ sentences of death, imprisonment, and confiscation. In such a state the country continued for several months, when even Haynau, a few days before being removed from his post,

began to loathe his work, and to sign pardons as carelessly as he had hitherto subscribed sentences of death. It was at that juncture that a few straggling literati, gradually assembling at Pesth, commenced to issue a literary periodical, to which Jokai largely contributed. The press, it must be observed, was placed under the control of the police, established on an Austrian model. The head and chief members of the police belonging to the other parts of the Austrian empire, and totally ignorant of the Hungarian language, were naturally obliged to employ some natives to peruse the literary productions and translate their contents; after due consideration of these, the verdict was passed. The consequence of such a state of things was, that very frequently a single seemingly portentous phrase, or even the mere title, doomed to oblivion the most innocent work of the brain, while more substantial writing was allowed to make its way into the country, and frequently to be again prohibited, after having become familiar to thousands.

"Most of the sketches contained in this volume, and which Jokai wrote under the name of Sajo, underwent this fate. The latest production of Jokai's pen is a novel entitled 'The Magyar Nábob,' which is highly praised. His strictly historical pieces, depicting scenes of the civil war, though recalling the more vividly to mind the dreary and not yet forgotten past, were most eagerly read in Hungary; nor will the English reader peruse without deep emotion the fate of the Bardy family, contained in this volume.

"Within the last two years, the state of literature in Hungary, if judged by the number of new books published, appears astonishingly progressive. The chief reason of this phenomenon may be found in the denationalizing measures of the Government, attempting to suppress the national idiom by excluding it from the public schools, and substituting in its place the German—a policy attempted without success by Joseph II. about the end of the last century.

"That the people—though now perhaps more willing than ever to give their full support to literature—are inclined to look with some suspicion at the productions of a press in the hands of foreign authorities, and that many branches of a more serious nature than novel-writing must remain excluded from the sphere of literary activity in a country subjected to martial law, need hardly be remarked."

Hettner's book gives lively sketches of modern Greek life and manners, with notices of the antiquities and history of the country which will please the classical scholar. Athens was visited by the author in April, 1852, and after the account of the first ramble amidst the modern streets and ancient ruins, with a full description of the Acropolis, the following sketch records the impressions of a trip to Colonus, the birth-place of Sophocles, which he has celebrated in the famous choral song in his great tragedy :-

"I have spent a very pleasant day. Summer is now come; the warmest sunshine is shed over Attica, and the country appears in all its enchanting beauty. We could not resist the temptation to ramble about in the valley without aim or object. Above us was the serene blue sky; one side the beautiful outlines of Hymettus, on the other the winding and complicated ranges of Parnes; between both, the innumerable little hills, which, in the neighbourhood of Lycabettus and the Acropolis, rise like waves out of the plain; and finally, at the end of the valley, the wide open sea. It is impossible to tire of gazing on these forms and colours.

"It was not by mere chance that we directed our steps towards the olive-grove, though we had already passed it yesterday in driving up from the Piraeus. As the heat was increasing, it offered in this treeless region a refreshing shade.

"How quiet and peaceful was this spot! Here and there only a solitary peasant, cultivating his

little plot of ground; but on all sides the song of the nightingales—for they still seem to love this grove quite as much as in ancient times.

"We followed the manifold windings of the ditches, in which the roving waters of the Cephissus—the *νοράδες κρήναι Κηφισσοῦ*, as Sophocles calls them—are, by a skilful system of artificial irrigation, made to water the whole adjacent pasture-land. The district of Colonus, celebrated in ancient times for its fertility, and the luxuriant growth of its plane-trees, is still the most fertile part of the plain of Attica.

"We had lost our road in this confusion of canals and hedges—if it is possible for those to do so who ramble about without distinct aim. We found it therefore very convenient when we suddenly came in sight of three or four houses, one of which we soon discovered to be an 'Ergasterion'—that is, an inn. This building was, like all Greek huts, of construction as primitive as possible. Four walls covered with a light roof of tiles, a door, and some windows protected by shutters—that is all the poorer Greeks ask for their abode. No window-panes and no chimney, no ceiling and no flooring, the ground simply levelled; but in the middle, or on one side, there is a pavement of a few stones, which serves as hearth for a fire almost always kept burning. Here, in our Ergasterion, there was a luxurious addition to the ordinary conveniences. In the background rose a wooden loft, reached by a ladder. This was the sleeping-place. Beneath it stood four ample casks. Several men were sitting cross-legged, in the customary oriental fashion, upon a gaily-coloured carpet spread upon a part of the floor. They smoked their paper cigars, chatted and joked; while the host, who had already had some intercourse with strangers, spoke a few words to us in broken French and Italian. What we told him about our names, country, and the object of our travels, gave them welcome matter for new entertainment. The wine tempted me; but I had the same feeling here as everywhere else in regard to Greek wine: it is almost impossible for me to drink it—it is strongly mixed with resin. It is certain that the ancient Greeks had the same custom; we learn this from the circumstance that the Thyrus of Dionysus was crowned with a pineapple. Nevertheless, my palate has not antiquarian enthusiasm enough to be influenced by such a reason. I sat down near the door. Outside murmured the waters of the Cephissus, and diffused a grateful coolness.

"On the banks of the stream stood four silver poplars, and through the soft green of their leaves peeped a little chapel of the Virgin, worshipped, in the Greek religion, under the name of Panagia; while, farther distant, the outlines of the blue Hymettus rose into view.

"After having rested ourselves, we continued our wandering, and in a few minutes arrived at a beautiful garden of cypress-tress. Through all the intervening centuries, a traditional belief has existed that this is the site of the old Academy; and such information as we possess in regard to the situation of this most celebrated of all the gymnasiums of the Athenians, confirms the tradition.

"On the spot which once was adorned with magnificent sanctuaries, where the flower of the Athenian youth joyously sought to heighten their natural beauty and vigour by gymnastic exercises, and where from the lips of Plato the highest wisdom of the Greeks flowed in tones of the sweetest eloquence, there is at present only a lonely country-seat, the walls of which are ornamented with worthless fragments of sculpture. But the dark green of the melancholy cypresses, and the breathless stillness which reigns here, harmonize with the deep sadness which comes over us, when involuntarily we are led to think of the touching contrast between the glorious Past and the mournful Present.

"On entering the valley again through the garden, we observe two little hills which, not far distant from each other, rise about a hundred feet above the plain. The northern one is crowned with a small chapel, which, as a Greek who

chanced to pass told me, is consecrated to St. Emilian. On the southern eminence, which lies more towards the town, stands a simple sepulchre, which catches our eye at a great distance, owing to the glittering whiteness of its marble. I knew who sleeps the eternal sleep there. I ascended the hill. On a base of Hymettian stone rise three steps of Pentelic marble, on which the tombstone is placed, bearing the simple epitaph in Greek: 'K. O. Müller, born at Brieg, in Silesia, in the year 1797; died at Athens on the 20th July (1st August) 1840.' All about the tomb, the hill is covered with the reddish-blue blossoms of the asphodel, the death-flower of the ancient Greeks, which, according to Homer, grows even in the world below.

"This is indeed the finest resting-place which fancy could imagine for that most genial of all archaeologists. The hill commands the whole plain. Directly opposite lies Athens, with the Acropolis, and the lofty pillars of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum; to the right, Parnes and Egaleos; to the left, Pentelicus, Hymettus, and Lycabettus; and away beyond the Acropolis, the eye rests on the blue sea, with Aegina and Salamis. Close beneath us we have the beautiful green of the Academy, and the olive-grove, through which gleam the silvery waters of the Cephissus."

Besides the narrative and descriptive parts of the work, there are critical disquisitions on various matters of art and taste, among which there is one upon the use of painting in the architecture and sculpture of the Greeks. Herr Hettner's general conclusion is that—

"Painting, in an extended sense, was customary only in the earlier, and not at all in the riper periods. To make the general effect in any considerable degree an effect of colour was never the aim either in temple or statue. Coloured statuary, like coloured architecture, is altogether a creation of the Romans, who had not so much love for art, as fondness for pomp and splendour. But these errors of a depraved taste must be left out of account when our task is to penetrate the immost nature of the eternal archetypes of all artistic beauty."

And in another place he says—

"It was not till the time of the Roman emperors, when people's taste had been spoiled by the variegated marbles of Asia and Egypt, that the coloured style of the ancient tufa architecture began to be reintroduced. What, however, in the case of tufa was a necessity imposed by the nature of the stone, becomes silly and tasteless trifling when applied to marble. Periods of degeneracy seek to compensate by outside show for the want of intrinsic worth. The new Berlin Museum is shockingly like the edifices of imperial Rome in this respect. In such cases it is not the beautiful that has been kept in view—mere ostentation and gaudy show have been aimed at."

There are various statements and reflections on the political state of Greece, which will be read with interest in connexion with passing events. The unsettled and unsatisfactory condition of the miserable kingdom of King Otho is thus referred to:—

"The general feeling in Greece is at present very excited. A political crisis is plainly impending: every one feels it. Hence a universal uneasiness; no one has confidence for the morrow. A few weeks ago a circumstance happened which created a great sensation, and has tended materially to increase the distrust. The king received some letters containing the detailed scheme of a revolution, the aim of which was to overthrow the constitutional form of government. This plan showed an intimate acquaintance with the distribution of the troops, and the posts of importance for military operations. The king, who was invited to a silent acquiescence in the intended undertaking, handed over this letter to the authorities. The originator of the scheme was found out to be a certain Bulgari, formerly a cadet in the artillery. The culprit was seized at Syra, just as he was about to

flee the country; he is at present in prison, and the examinations are going on.

"The phantom of an extensive conspiracy has ever since haunted people's imaginations. Some talk of the overthrow of the constitution, some of an intended attempt on the life of the king, who is, however, the object of general attachment.

"The revolution of 1843 did not at all originate in a desire for a constitution: it was merely a reaction of the national spirit of the Greeks against the Bavarian system which was being forced upon them. The constitution was a mere afterthought; it took them by surprise, as the republic did the French in the revolution of February, 1848. A large majority of the Greeks are accordingly heartily tired of their constitution; all the more so that Greece, with population of not more than nine hundred thousand, sends to her Parliament upwards of a hundred deputies, and supports them at an unreasonable expense. People therefore would not be very sorry to lose the constitution; but they are afraid of the revolution which would have to precede this—for in any political crisis in Greece there are always foreign influences at work. No one can calculate the results of any violent political disturbance in Greece, especially as the succession of the crown is not yet legally settled, and the country would again be entirely abandoned to that dreadful confusion from which it has scarcely yet recovered.

"Really, the condition of Greece is pitiable. She is and will remain the plaything of diplomatic intrigues, till she has surrendered her independence to one or other of her neighbours. As I told you formerly, Greece cannot recover through her own resources; for that, she is too poor. All the world knows the national debt of Greece; and it is well known also that her liabilities are not decreasing, but, on the contrary, increasing every year. And how can any change be expected? According to the budget of this year, trade is so low that, on the most favourable estimate, the import exceeds the export by seven millions of drachmas; and this state of things is getting worse every year. Currants are the main article of export; they form, according to the official returns, one-half of the whole export of the country; yet this branch of produce is threatened with total ruin. The unhappy peasants, who depend chiefly on the cultivation of the currant, are so deep in debt, owing to the enormous taxation with which they are burdened, that they can no longer command the necessary means for carrying it on. Usury is here the only flourishing trade. From the same official returns, it appears that the lowest rate of interest at which these poor people can obtain any loan is from fifteen to twenty per cent.

"The same is the case with other branches of agriculture, as to which the words of the report are as follows:—'The agriculturists are for the most part compelled to sell or pledge beforehand the annual crop in order to obtain capital; and this is to be had only at the very highest rate of interest.'

"Greece possesses no manufactures; even the most common necessities of life are imported from other countries. How is it possible, then, that the national economy of Greece can ever find a safe material basis?

"Greece, as it is at present, is an artificial creation. Its continued existence is perhaps secured for some time to come by the jealousy with which Russia and England here watch their own interests; but it is the mutual jealousy of these two powers alone which still secures to Greece her independence. The Greeks know this well enough; hence their anxiety and uneasiness on the slightest indication of political movement in Europe. If we closely examine the prevailing feeling with regard to the future, we find it to be that of utter despair.

"Considerations of this kind are continually forcing themselves on the observer; but to-day I have been particularly impressed with them. The cold indifference of the people towards their political state is really frightful."

Of the Russian intrigues in Greece, and

the tendency of political parties at Athens, M. Hettner gives the following account:—

"The Greeks all feel the precariousness of their political position. Hence it comes that the political parties of Greece do not, as elsewhere, consist of Absolutists, Constitutionalists, and Radicals; but simply of Nationalists and Rappists—that is, those who wish to uphold the independence of the kingdom at all hazards, and those who strive more or less openly to effect a union with Russia. The Nationalists have certainly in the meantime the upper hand; but they cannot conceal from themselves the painful insecurity of the basis on which they stand. You may see, indeed daily, in the Athenian newspapers, how the leaders of the National party boast of their Hellenic descent, and scorn every approach to the 'Mongols and Tartars'; but it is nevertheless undeniable that the Russian party is growing stronger every year. And though Russia is by no means backward in encouraging Russian tendencies, it would be a mistake to ascribe these altogether to Russian intrigues. The mournful truth, that Greece can never prosper through her own resources—and that the support of some more powerful kingdom is absolutely necessary for her—forces itself, alas! on every Greek unsought. A kingdom of Greece under a Russian Prince is a future which most people consider probable, and which very many ardently desire.

"But how is it that the wind sets so fair for Russia?—why can England gain no footing, though she offers the Greeks all the advantages of civilization and political liberty? The immediate reasons are soon stated. The Greeks are a bigoted people, and their agreement with the Russians in matters of religion, throws at once an incalculable preponderance of influence on the side of the latter. England, on the other hand, has excited a decided hatred against herself by her constant petty quarrelling with Greece, and particularly by the blockade of 1850. But the true cause lies deeper, and the Greeks are shrewd enough to give it its full weight.

"Greece would gain nothing in material prosperity by coming under English supremacy. England's interest in Greece is the purely negative one—that it do not pass into the hands of Russia; in itself it is indifferent to her whether she possesses Greece or not; England has, independently of Greece, a decided ascendancy in the Mediterranean. England would therefore make no sacrifices in order to elevate Greece. The Ionian Islands are a ready example of the selfish aims which regulate English colonial policy. It is quite otherwise with Russia. To Russia, the possession of Greece is of the last importance; and should she ever obtain it, she would of necessity do everything in her power to make Greece flourish.

"As matters at present stand, a strong marine is for Russia an impossibility. Her maritime power is fettered in the north to the Baltic; in the south, to the Euxine. Not till she possesses Greece will Russia have free scope on the sea; and the Greeks will be her first good sailors. All that she could do, therefore, for the prosperity of her marine, would be done at the same time for the prosperity of Greece. The Rappists accordingly put the simple question: Whether it is better to be poor and miserable, and seemingly independent, or wealthy and prosperous, and a province of a great empire? They do not, however, take sufficiently into account that such a change in the fortunes of Greece is scarcely possible, without the occurrence of events of a European and even world-wide importance.

"On the whole, looking at the constant endeavours of England and Russia to checkmate each other in the East, it is easy to perceive that these two powers must sooner or later come into collision in that quarter."

We have been tempted to give longer extracts than we can usually afford in the case of foreign works, on account of the importance attached to whatever relates to the conflict of arms and of influences now carrying on in

the East. The conductors of the 'Foreign Miscellany' have wisely commenced their series with volumes which, apart from their intrinsic value, have an attraction from the interest felt in the countries to which they relate. For the welfare of the Hungarian and the Greek nations there are few English readers who have not warm wishes, and faithful and accurate notices of the history and actual condition of these countries are received with favour. Such notices are found in the Hungarian tales of Jokai, and in the Peloponnesian tour of Hettner. If the 'Miscellany of Foreign Literature' contains a succession of volumes of the kind and quality of those with which it has commenced, it will prove a welcome addition to many a library. There was wanted a cheap series of translations of modern foreign literature, and the present Miscellany promises to supply well this desideratum in our popular literature.

Arvon; or, The Trials. A Legend. By C. Mitchell Charles. Routledge and Co.

In two former books by Mr. Charles, 'Claverston' and 'Hamon and Catar,' we perceived an originality and vigour rare among the novel writers of the day, and were led to augur favourably of the labours of a young author of so much promise. For the popular employment of his talents, the subjects of neither of these works were adapted, the one being a wild and hurried tale of melodramatic horror, and the other referring to times and characters too remote from common intelligence and sympathy. In the present work an approach is made to themes better suited for literary treatment, but we are somewhat disappointed with the result. We find the same marks of energetic thought and warm feeling, but there is too much perplexity in the construction of the story, and too great elaboration appears in working up details so as to produce startling or striking effects. The scene of the story is in Brittany, about the middle of the fourteenth century, when John, Earl of Montfort, and Charles of Blois, were rival claimants for the Dukedom. Of the tale itself we shall not attempt to give any account, but present only an extract from the concluding chapter, where the hero and heroine are happily united, and where the author disposes of some of the other principal dramatic puppets who have figured through the two volumes :-

"My legend is, virtually, finished. The Trials which I meant to depict are over. Doubtless others succeeded;—who is not tried?—who is not tempted? The histories of the most successful are histories of trial;—of trial endured, of trial surmounted, of trial improved—Alas! how often of trial succumbed to. We attempt to walk and we fall. We rise and struggle on, and fall and fall again: and so we go on stumbling and falling, till the last trial of all comes, and we sink into our rest-place, and trials and temptations are over. It is the common lot,—there is no escape from it—but there are rewards, and the humblest may get them. The Trials which I intended to portray are, I say, over. A few words and I may end."

"Directly Rudolf saw Andrews he set upon him, as Sir Hervé did on Geoffrey. For a few minutes the two men fought angrily,—they were at some little distance from the others,—but when Geoffrey fell, and Henri Arvon and the rest came upon the scene, both of them thought it prudent to retire to a more distant part of the forest;—whether they fought out their quarrel or not—what became of them—I cannot tell."

"Sir Hervé de Léon returned to Nantes; a changed man: Henri Arvon's forgiveness had con-

quered him. From that time we have no record that he ever again violated knightly faith and honour. He certainly never attempted anything more against the Arvons, and he put no impediments in the way, when Alice transferred her large possessions from his keeping, to the guardianship of the Lady Jane. Nor did he desert Lord Charles of Blois in his need, as he had deserted the De Montforts in theirs. He took an active share in the wars which succeeded, in Brittany; was captured by the English at Vannes, when they besieged that place on behalf of Lady Jane: was sent to England, but afterwards set at liberty; and at length died, either in Paris or on his way thence to Angers."

"It only remains to speak of Alice de Léon and Henri Arvon.

"It was a long time before the memory of what had passed grew softened to the young girl, and though she had been rudely awakened to the real inferiority of Geoffrey to her ideal of him, she not the less bitterly sorrowed over his death. She had indeed loved him, and the tragedy which closed his love for her made it seem the stronger, and took away half the sadness which had overshadowed her when he fell away from honour.

"It would be false to say that she did not sometimes think of Henri—did not sometimes recall to her mind his devotion to her, to his friend, to honour. But for a long time she repressed such thoughts as speedily as she could, as a sin against the dead.

"And Henri himself, true to his character and loving her entirely, made no motion to avow his love. He knew, intuitively, what she must be suffering; knew and respected the affection which clung to the dead. Did he not love her?—would not an avowal of love now be like a torture to her?—then, though he longed to do it, he would be silent;—her happiness was more to him than his own—he would rather suffer himself than let her be hurt—for, oh, yes! he *did* love her!

"And he had a right to do it. He was no nameless adventurer now. As time passed he distinguished himself ever more and more, and the fame of his exploits, of his high honour and truth, reached Alice's ears, and somehow she gradually took more and more interest that reports of him should reach her.

"One day—it was more than a year after the events of my legend—Grace, who had been sent to her mistress by Sir Hervé, came hurriedly into her room.

"'Oh, madam!' she exclaimed, 'the noble Lady Jane—the Duchess, I mean, is crossing the courtyard, and all her state guard with her. Dear! and the place is not in readiness!'

"'Nay, never mind, Grace,' she answered, sweetly. 'The Duchess's rooms are sometimes disordered themselves.'

"'Are they?' said the old lady, in wonder. But the expression of her surprise was interrupted, for the Lady Jane de Montfort entered the room. She was alone. Her guard remained without.

"'I have come to beg a favour of you,' she said, kissing the beautiful girl, 'and I think I shall exercise my right of command over you if you refuse it.'

"'Oh, I will not if I can possibly—'

"'There, now,' she interrupted; 'I will, if I will not—that is what you mean to say. Nay, you must do it, dear one!'

"'What do you want of me?' she asked.

"'Well, I will tell you,' answered the Duchess. 'Sit down. I want you to do an act of justice—and I want you to make yourself happy. You have told me all your little secrets, heart, and I have kept them; but some one else has told me little secrets, too, and I cannot keep so many.'

"Alice looked up startled—what could the Lady Jane mean! . . .

"'There is a young Knight in my service,' she said, 'who loves you, and who deserves your love. Why do you turn away?'

"'Oh, my friend—my kind guardian,' she cried, 'how can I think of love? A young Knight, too:—Nay—nay—indeed I—'

"'Hush, little simpleton,' answered the other. 'I am not going to force you to marry some young blockhead whom you cannot love. Sir Walter Manny has just made a Knight of—Henri Arvon!'

"Alice started round, and flung herself upon the Duchess's neck, and burst into a passion of tears.

"'There, that will suffice,' said the Lady Jane, presently—'You can finish weeping to him, if you like, dear one, for he is without. May I send him in?'

"'Oh!—I know not—I cannot—' began Alice.

"'Ah! if a woman says she does not know before she is asked she only wants asking,' said the Lady Jane, merrily.

"The next moment Sir Henri Arvon and Alice were together—and alone."

We must lift up the curtain for an instant, and let the reader have a glance at the hurried action and bold dialogue of the story. The speakers are Sir Hervé de Léon and his attendant Gerstenberg:—

"'I am growing old, sir,' Gerstenberg said. 'Old, and maybe timid. But I dare not now do things which before were easy—I dare not do them, I say—and cannot help it. Pardon me for speaking of my own matters; but, oh! I have such a load here that I must speak. He was innocent, you know—Arvon, I mean; and his son is innocent too.'

"'His son!' exclaimed Sir Hervé, leaping up from his seat. 'Great Heavens! what do you mean?'

"'Do you not really know him, then?' said Gerstenberg, his whole face full of alarm.

"'Know whom? No. His son! Arvon's son! Her son! No. Who is it?' he cried, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling.

"'You remember,' said Gerstenberg, 'that after my escape from St. Michael's, I changed my name by your advice—'

"'Yes, yes. What has this to do with it?'

"'I told you how I escaped. That a youth in the monastery saved me. I have since discovered who he was;—his name;—it was Edward Arvon!'

"'Never!' exclaimed Sir Hervé. 'It could not be!'

"'It was. There can be no doubt of it,' said Gerstenberg. 'And it has often haunted me since in sleep—in my journeys—as I lie down—as I lie awake. I helped to kill the father, and the son saved me!'

"Sir Hervé was walking fiercely up and down the room.

"'But who is he?' he exclaimed, suddenly stopping. Gerstenberg hesitated. He had a vague idea that he had endangered the youth whom he meant to have saved; that Sir Hervé did not really know him, after all. But in the excitement of the moment he could hardly pause to think; and Sir Hervé stopped before him, and reiterated his question with terrible vehemence.

"'Why are you silent? His name! Who is he? Arvon—Edward Arvon! Where is he? Why don't you speak? And he put his hand on his arm, and shook him.

"'They called the youth who helped me to escape Brother Geoffrey,' he said. Sir Hervé broke into a wild exclamation.

"'And he wears the name still, does he? he cried. 'It is Geoffrey Norval!' His fiery brain had immediately conceived the truth. He scarcely needed Gerstenberg's confirmation of it—scarcely heard it. He saw in that same instant the whole of the circumstances in which he stood towards the son of his former victim.

"'Saw them all;—saw the young man's self-devotion, and the cause of it, in his now suspected love for Alice;—saw his own meditated treachery in return;—saw, above all, that he was the child of Florence, who had spurned him.'

"As he still walked furiously to and fro, his face working with emotion, his hands clenched, he muttered terrible words, which made Gerstenberg tremble, and he followed him up and down with anxious eyes. He started, when Sir Hervé suddenly stopped and looked fiercely at him,—started

at being detected in the very fact of watching him, and looked away.

"How do you know this? Who told you? How long have you known it? Why have you never told me? Speak, man! Tell me all you know about it!" cried Sir Hervé; the words almost inarticulate, he spoke so fast.

"Gerstenberg did not answer. He was terror-stricken at what he had done.

"At once, man! Tell me all, I say!" exclaimed the fierce soldier; his ungovernable passions raging in him—raging along like a torrent, and ready to sweep every obstacle away. "Did you say EDWARD Arvon?"

"But Gerstenberg suddenly threw off his terror and his silence. He saw that he must do something to retrieve his false step.

"Yes," he said. "And I am here, Sir de Léon, thinking you knew him, to learn from you your purposes towards him—"

"How is it you never spoke before?"

"I never suspected it till this night, when I was in his room, and overheard some words spoken in his sleep. I knew that my deliverer was Edward Arvon; but never suspected Geoffrey Norval to be him."

"Who told you so? How do you know it?"

"Too well, sir!—too well! But you will not harm him?"

"Harm him!" cried Sir Hervé. "What should make you suspect I would harm him? Has he not saved my life? How did you know he was Edward Arvon?"

"He was evidently resolved to know this. Gerstenberg had therefore only two courses open, and he took the one he thought best. It struck him that he might hold some indistinct fear over Sir Hervé, by refusing to give the information he desired; his sole object was to save the son of Henri Arvon.

"I cannot tell you," he answered. "But know this, that the Lady Jane has said she would rather Geoffrey Norval had not won the honours he has got by saving you, than that he should be under your roof."

"He was going. He thought this would operate in the way he wished. But Sir Hervé spoke again:—more in his usual strain than before.

"I understand now why you have told me this," he said. "You feared I should injure the young Arvon;—she, too, feared it. You are wrong. If I had known him, who he was, he should never have come under this roof. But being here he is safe; quite safe—from me at least."

From this detached extract it will be seen that the author has the command of no ordinary dramatic skill and graphic power, which will ensure popular success, provided more sagacity is shown in the choice of subjects, and less appearance of striving after effect, both in the matter and the style of his novels.

NOTICES.

Lectures in Connexion with the Educational Exhibition, delivered in St. Martin's Hall. Routledge and Co.

THE present volume contains, in a cheap form, suitable for, as the contents are deserving of, widest circulation, the lectures delivered during the educational exhibition this summer at St. Martin's Hall. The book will require no other commendation to all interested in educational subjects than the following list of the titles of the lectures:—'The Relations of Botanical Science to the other Branches of Knowledge,' by Arthur Henfrey, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S.; 'Penmanship,' by H. Grant; 'Modern Discoveries by the Microscope,' by Professor Rymer Jones, F.R.S.; 'On the Influence of Examination as an Instrument of Education,' by the Rev. Dr. Booth, F.R.S.; 'On Models and Diagrams,' by T. Sopwith; 'On the Use of Common-place Books in Self-Education,' by William A. Guy, M.B. Cant., F.R.S.; 'On Industrial Schools,' by Jelinger Symons, B.A. Cant.; 'On the Digestion of Knowledge,' by the Rev. C. Marriott;

'On Economic Science,' by William Ellis; 'Science in the Mines,' by Herbert Mackworth, Esq., M. Inst. C.E.; 'The Necessity of an Extended Education for the Educator,' by the Rev. G. E. L. Cotton, M.A.; 'On Classes for Scientific Observation in Mechanics' Institutions,' by Robert Hunt, F.R.S.; 'On Familiar Methods of Instruction in Science,' by Robert Hunt, F.R.S.; 'Teaching the Idiot,' by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M.; 'On Teaching the Deaf and Dumb,' by Dr. W. R. Scott; 'Home Education of the Poor,' by Cardinal Wiseman,—Lecture I.; 'Home Education of the Poor,'—Lecture II.; 'On Mathematical Geography, and Easy Methods of Teaching it,' by Hugo Reid; 'On the Training System of Education, particularly as adapted for Large Towns,' by William Knighton, M.A., M.R.A.S.; 'On the Inspector and the Schoolmaster,' by W. A. Shields.

Copyright and Patents; or, Property in Thought.

By Montague R. Leverton, Wildy and Sons. MR. LEVERSON calls in question the justice of the recent decision in the case of Jefferys v. Boosey, and advocates a larger system of "protection to property in thought." The questions involved in the musical copyright case, as decided by the House of Lords, are thus stated by the author:—"Can an alien, resident abroad, acquire here a copyright in his own composition? If so, can he assign such copyright to another alien? Can such assignee assign a portion of such copyright to a citizen, by whom publication is first made? The Court of Exchequer Chamber decided all these questions in the affirmative. The House of Lords overruled their decision. It was admitted on all hands, and it is the fact, that the Courts were unfettered by precedent in the matter. It was admitted, and it is the fact, that the statutes regulating copyright are so far silent, that they do not expressly compel a decision either way. That, consequently, the question must be decided on 'general principles'; in other words, that construction which shall be most consistent with justice. If it be true, as contended by others, that copyright exists at common law, the meaning of this expression translated into sensible language is: What regulations on the point in question will best promote the object of society?"

Mr. Leverton explains that "the object of society" is the promotion of the welfare of its members, and that this ought to have been the ground of decision. Without discussing the general question of the expediency or the justice of the case, we would observe that the English legislature is, in this matter, bound first to protect the rights and to promote the welfare of English publishers, and that the advancement or happiness of society, or of the human race in general, foreign authors and artists included, can only be incidentally considered, except where there are special treaties of national reciprocity. This is the defence for the recent decision in Common Law. As to whether there ought to be additional statute laws on copyright the arguments are open, and Mr. Leverton's treatise contains elaborate statements and ingenious speculations on the subject. The appendix contains a detailed report of the Jefferys v. Boosey case from the 'Law Times,' reported by James Paterson, Esq., Barrister-at-law.

England since the Accession of Queen Victoria. By Edward H. Michelsen, Ph. D. A. and C. Black.

OF the Parliamentary proceedings and of the home politics and social progress of England since the accession of Victoria, Dr. Michelsen's book contains a concise and clear summary. The historical narrative is ably and impartially written, and the statistical part of the work has been compiled from official records and from other authentic sources of information. On the development of the industrial resources of the country ample details are given, and the question of Free Trade and Protection is fully discussed. The author considers that all party politics must henceforth be of secondary influence in England, and that "the path to future reform is now cleared of

all obstacles, save the will of Ministers, who may carry any measures tending to enlarge the moral and physical welfare of the people, provided they propose them in right good earnest." To the volume is appended an historical sketch of the principles and theories propounded by the various schools of political economy, to which reference was made in the debates on Free Trade.

SUMMARY.

IN the 'Annotated Edition of the English Poets,' edited by Robert Bell (John W. Parker and Son), the last volume contains *The Poetical Works of Edmund Waller*. The general estimate of Waller's poetry, in the prefatory memoir, thus concludes:—"Waller's language is everywhere pure, and carefully chosen. Pope estimated it so highly that, in planning a dictionary that should be an authority for style, he selected Waller as one of the best examples of poetical diction. Nor is it a slight excellence that, writing in the age of Etherege and Rochester, his verse is never stained with a vicious sentiment, or a licentious image. If there is not much real emotion in his love poems, they are always refined and delicate, and full of an exquisite kind of gallantry. His gaiety has an instinctive air of high breeding; and no poet ever paid compliments in verse so gracefully. Voltaire compared him to Voiture, whom he thought he excelled. His 'Divine Poems,' written near the close of his life, at the desire of Lady Ranelagh, are, in some aspects, his greatest performances. They not only exhibit no decadence of power, but embrace a larger field and a more ambitious purpose than he had ever attempted before; and the affecting lines with which he terminates the series, dictated to his daughter, Margaret, when he was nearly blind, may be justly considered the noblest he produced. Of few poets can it be said that their last lines were their best." In a postscript a fac-simile is given of Waller's autograph, which is of great rarity. It occurs, with some marginal notes, in a folio copy of Chaucer, in the possession of Newman Smith, Esq.

IN the Edinburgh edition of the British Poets (Nichol), edited by George Gilfillan, a volume contains the *Poetical Works of William Shenstone*, with Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. The biographical memoir is brief, but well written, and gives a lifelike picture of the poet and a genial account of his works. Of his most widely known and best poem, the *Schoolmistress*, Mr. Gilfillan says, "it must be for ever dear to the world, partly from the subject, and partly from the manner in which it has been treated by the poet. * * * Shenstone's *Schoolmistress* has not, indeed, the point and condensation of Goldsmith's *Schoolmaster*, but its spirit is the same, and there is a certain soft, warm, slumberous charm, as if reflected from the good dame's kitchen fire. The very stanza seems slumbering in its sleep."

FOR the use of students and of schools, *An Atlas of Classical Geography*, constructed by William Hughes, and edited by George Long (Whitaker and Co., and G. Bell), presents in twenty-four maps, with carefully prepared indices, the chief features of importance and interest connected with Ancient Classical Geography. Several of the maps differ from those found in ordinary atlases, as that of the Roman Empire distributed into provinces. There are few geographical points which the classical student will not find accurately and clearly laid down in this atlas.

The Proceedings and Papers of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, for Session VI., 1853, 1854, contains various topographical and archaeological papers of value, with illustrative engravings. The variety of subjects taken up by this diligent and energetic Society may be known from the general heads under which the papers in the present volume are distributed—viz., 1. History and Antiquities, British, Roman, Saxon, Mediaeval, and Modern; 2. Architecture and Topography; 3. Literature and Criticism; 4. Genealogy and Biography; 5. Trade, Commerce, and Inventions; 6. Miscellaneous.

A series of discourses of a practical tendency, by the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., are published under the title of *The Daily Life; or, Precepts and Prescriptions for Christian Living* (Hall, Virtue, and Co.) If not so philosophical or so eloquent as Jeremy Taylor's great work on the same subject, this treatise is more modern and more evangelical, in the usual acceptation of that term.

In the cheap series of reprints of the Waverley Novels (A. and C. Black), *Guy Mannering* and *The Antiquary* are contained in single volumes. To have such works for eighteenpence is one of the wonders of the day, great as has been the extension of popular literature in recent times.

Under the title of *The Great Journey* (Paton and Ritchie), or a Pilgrimage through the Valley of Tears to Mount Zion, an allegorical description of the Christian life is given, good in its kind, both as to matter and style, but as literary productions we confess we dislike all these imitations of 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' For the pleasant instruction of the young, we have no doubt this will prove useful.

A pleasing and pious tale by Mrs. H. Lynch, author of 'Conversations on the Parables,' is entitled *Millie Howard; or, Trust in God* (Johnstone and Hunter), the principles and results of faith being illustrated in the character of the heroine of the book.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

John's Antiq. Library: Florence of Worcester's Chronicle, 5s. — Stand, 3s. Library: Locke's *Philos. Works*, Vol. 2, 3s. 6d. — British Classics: Burke's *Works*, Vol. 1, p. 8vo, 3s. 6d. Caesar's Commentaries with English Notes, 12mo, cloth, 2s. Careless Chicken, new edition, square, cloth, 2s. 6d. Conor's (J. R.) *Struggles of an Infant Parish*, 12mo, cl., 5s. Curate of Overton, 3 vols, post 8vo, cloth, £1 1s. 6d. Descartes' *Meditations*, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d., sewed, 3s. Earl of Desmond, 2 vols, post 8vo, cloth, 1s. Freeman's (J.) *Commercial Assistant*, folio, half-bd, 10s. 6d. Funny Leaves, square, cloth, 2s. 6d. Gleig's School Series: McLeod's *My Second Book*, 18mo, 1s. Gould's (W.) *Sunshine and Gloom*, crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. Greenwood's (G.) *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*, 7s. 6d. Lytton's (Sir E. B.) *My Novel*, 2 vols, crown 8vo, cloth, 8s. Maurice (F. D.) on the *Doctrine of Sacrifice*, cr. 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d. My Portfolio, 12mo, boards, 2s. 6d., cloth, 3s. 6d. Newby's (Rev. J.) *Henlyware*, f. cap., 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Newton's *Principia* Sections, 1, 2, & 3, with Notes, 10s. 6d. Painting and Celebrated Painters, 2 vols, post 8vo, cl., £1 1s. Parley's *Annual*, 1854, square, cloth, 5s. Picture Fables, by A. Crowley, 4to, cloth, 2s. 6d. Platonic Protagoras, The Greek Text revised, 8vo, cl., 5s. 6d. Ramsay's *Catechist's Manual*, 18mo, cloth, 3s. 6d. Rockliffe's (R.) *Literary Fables*, 2nd edition, f. cap., cloth, 5s. Stoekenier's *Old Field Office*, 2 vols, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. Szabó's Hungary, post 8vo, cloth, 5s. Thomson's (Mrs.) *Book of Literary Characters, &c.* 2 vols, 15s. Thring's (E.) *English Grammar*, 18mo, cloth, 2s. Walton's & Mackenzie's *Solutions of the Camb. Prob.*, 10s. 6d. Warren's *Works*, Vol. 4, *Now and Then*, post 8vo, cl., 4s. 6d. Wheeler's (J. T.) *Geography of Herodotus*, 8vo, cloth, 1s.

LIVERPOOL FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

An interesting document has this week been issued in Liverpool,—the Second Annual Report of the Committee of the Free Public Library, consisting of a Reference Library and a Lending Library—which says much for the growing intelligence and more rational occupation of the Working Classes. It is supported, as our readers know, by the levy of a small rate. A sum of 3483*l.* has been collected in Liverpool during the past year under this arrangement, and the result is such as to encourage many other of our provincial towns to go and do likewise:—

The Reference Library.

The usefulness and interest of this portion of the institution continue unabated, being in fact only restricted by the limited accommodation provided for the readers. During the year ending 31st of August last, 98,760 volumes have been issued, being an average of 346 per day, to which must be added the readers of the magazines and other periodicals, about 110 per day, making a total of 129,997 books perused, or 456 per day.

The classification of the books read is as follows:—

Number and Classification of Books read.	Daily average, about
Theology, Metaphysics, &c.	3640
Natural Philosophy	2740
Natural History	1484
Science and the Arts	2351
History and Biography	10321
Topography and Antiquities	1358
Geography, Voyages, and Travels	5294
Miscellaneous Literature	10600
Law, Politics, &c.	646
Commerce, Logic, Language, &c.	254
Poetry and the Drama	693
Novels	52283
Classical Literature	311
Encyclopedias, Heraldry, and Works of Reference	1644
Total	93760

"It is naturally to be expected, that in the number of books read in a free library, works of imagination will preponderate, but the preponderance is not so great as would at first sight appear. Novels, to a great extent, are in three volumes, and are read much more rapidly than works of a more solid description; so that it may happen that although the number of volumes in this class taken out and registered far exceeds that in any other class, the number of readers is by no means in the like proportion.

"From the date of the last report, (October 18, 1853,) to August 31st, 1854, to which date the accounts will, in future, be made up, in order to correspond with the financial year of the Corporate Estate, 243 volumes have been added by donation, and 2982 by purchase, making a total of additions, in about ten months, of 3225 volumes.

"The number and classification of the books now in the Library is as follows:—

	VOLS.
Theology, Morality, and Metaphysics	994
Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, &c.	547
Natural History, Botany, Geology, &c.	663
Science and the Arts, Architecture, Painting, Music, &c.	599
History and Biography	2592
Topography and Antiquities	707
Geography, Voyages and Travels	1231
Miscellaneous Literature	2608
Jurisprudence, Law, and Politics	1657
Commerce and Political Economy	102
Education, Rhetoric, Logic, and Language	149
Poetry and Dramatic Literature	811
Novels	1926
Classical Literature	64
Encyclopedias, Heraldry, and Works of Reference	452
Total	15,102

"This is exclusive of 1200 volumes and 490 parts, being duplicates of Parliamentary papers, and of 308 volumes transferred to the Lending Libraries.

"With very trifling exceptions, the books are carefully treated by the readers and protected from injury. A few thefts of books of small value have occurred, some of which have been recovered. In two instances the offenders have been discovered, convicted, and punished by imprisonment.

"A valuable addition has been made to the Library during the past year, by the purchase, from the Executors of the late Mr. Thomas Binns, of the collections made by that gentleman, illustrative of the history of the county of Lancaster, and more especially of the town of Liverpool. They occupied the leisure hours of forty years of his life, and contain a repertory of illustrations of the past history of the locality, which will increase in value every year, and would in vain be sought for elsewhere. In order to complete and continue the series, the Committee have prepared a portfolio for the reception of illustrations which may offer from time to time, of views, buildings, remarkable events, ships, steam vessels, &c., to which they respectfully invite contributions.

"The Collection itself is contained in thirty folio volumes, filled with engravings and drawings. A classified index is in the course of preparation, which will render the Collection more useful for consultation by the antiquary and local historian.

"The Reading Room was found to be so inconveniently crowded in the early part of the year, that the Committee were glad to find the means of relief by renting the adjoining house fronting

Duke-street, formerly occupied by the Librarian, into which a communication has been opened and a large portion of the books transferred, thus giving a larger area for the use of readers.

"The average number of persons reading in the Room during the day is from 70 to 80, and in the evenings from 120 to 140. The Room is badly ventilated, and with this number is inconveniently crowded. Space is also wanted for consulting many expensive books containing designs, which are frequently in demand by artizans in the various branches of ornamental art.

"The present condition and working of the Derby Museum and Reference Library are satisfactory and encouraging in the highest degree. The only drawback is the want of space, which is becoming such a crying evil as to require immediate attention. Classification, regularity, and arrangement cannot possibly be attended to when every expedient has to be resorted to for the purpose of temporary accommodation.

"The usefulness of the Institution is marred, and its progress retarded, if not entirely prevented, by the want of a suitable building.

"The Committee would draw the attention of the Council to this subject, with an earnest request that steps be taken to appropriate at the earliest possible period the site already granted for the proposed new building.

The Lending Libraries.

"In accordance with the announcement in the last report, two lending libraries were opened in October, 1853, one at the North and the other at the South Corporation School. The number of volumes at the commencement was about 2000, with about 30 readers. After ten months' operation the number of volumes in the two libraries amounts to 4435, with a weekly circulation of 1080 volumes.

"The readers using these Libraries between the ages of 14 and 21, are 1111; between 21 and 35—495; between 35 and 50—159; above this age—35, who may be classified as follows:—

Merchants and Shopkeepers' Apprentices, Office Lads and School Boys	659
Mechanics, Labourers, Warehousemen, and Police Officers	684
Clerks, Shopmen, Teachers, and Scripture Readers	350
Commission Agents and Ship Brokers	11
Clergymen	4
Medical Students, Druggists, and Dentists	12
Business not ascertained (principally Females)	80

Males, 1634; Females, 116. Total..... 1800

"Total number of Tickets granted, 1902; of these 64 are still uncalled for, and 38 cancelled; 8 by request of the Guarantees, the remainder from leaving town, and other causes.

"The following is the classification of the books in the Libraries, and books read:—

	No. of Vols. in each class in Library.	No. Lent in each class.	Average No. of Times Lent.
Theology, Morality, and Metaphysics	124	858	7
Natural Philosophy and Mathematics	120	777	6
Natural History	164	590	3
Science and the Arts	128	634	5
History and Biography	950	5741	6
Topography and Antiquities	36	264	7
Geography, Voyages & Travels	425	2588	6
Miscellaneous Literature	629	3384	5
Jurisprudence, Law, & Politics	28	107	4
Commerce, & Political Economy, Education, Rhetoric, Logic and Language	31	104	3
Poetry and the Drama	20	102	5
Novels and Romances	210	866	4
Classical Literature	1543	10808	12
Total No. of Vols. in the Libraries 4435, Lent 35,978, each volume being issued on an average eight times.	23	135	6

Books Most Read in the Various Classes.

"*Theology, Morality, and Metaphysics*.—Wylie's Bible Scenes, lent 30 times; Robert Hall's Works, 25; Chalmers's Bridgewater Treatise, 24; Pye Smith's Relation between Scripture and Geology, 20; Dick's Christian Philosopher, 17; and Bickersteth's Restoration of the Jews, 17 times.

or an Act of Incorporation from Parliament," and "to provide a Common Hall," where the men of literature may "assemble and take council with each other;" and all persons of any literary pretensions are invited to this charter-incorporated council, "whether coming from the provinces of the United Kingdom, or from the remotest confines of the Empire." Let us now see who are the "literary giants" whose collective opinions and united influence have suggested this grand scheme for the abolition of literary supineness. "Several gentlemen," says the Address, "have enrolled themselves as members of the new Institute;" and the having been selected to form a Provisional Committee:—

Mr. Peter Brown,	Mr. John A. Heraud,
" P. E. Barnes, B.A.	" Thornton Hunt.
" Bayle Bernard.	" Jonas Levy.
" L. A. Chamerovzow.	" Johnston Neale.
" Stirling Coyne.	" Wm. Scholfield, M.P.
Le Chevalier de Chatelain.	" P. L. Simmonds.
Mr. Hyde Clarke.	" T. Spencer.
Grenville Fletcher.	" F. G. Tomlins.
Seigneur Glover.	

Of some of these gentlemen we have heard, and as fellow-journalists, we have, we trust, a proper respect for their labours. We have beguiled an occasional half-hour with Mr. Heraud's dramatic criticisms; we have turned over the socialistic pages of Mr. Thornton Hunt; we have perused the literary "opinions" compounded by Mr. Tomlins, and we have laughed at the "screaming" farces of Mr. Stirling Coyne; but in what departments of literature Mr. Peter Brown, or Mr. L. A. Chamerovzow, or Mr. Jonas Levy have distinguished themselves, that they should figure so prominently in the head-roll of a British Empire Literary Institute, our readers will doubtless be as much at a loss to know as ourselves. We need not specify other names, for with the exception of the Chevalier de Chatelain, who is somewhat distinguished for his poetry and excellent lectures and lessons in the French tongue, they are wholly new to us. Far be it from us to speak in a tone of depreciation, or to utter one syllable of disrespect against those who obtain an honourable livelihood by their labours in journalism; but these are not the men that the Royal Chapel and Great Functionaries of State are likely to look to for the realization of that lofty status which is expected to rival that of the Institute of France. We have already a Royal Society of Literature, a Royal Literary Fund, and a Literary Guild; and we think the British Empire Provisional Committee had much better hand over their spare cash to these excellent institutions. Our good contemporaries of the quill have mistaken their vocation; and we should as soon think of giving our support to the Literary Institute of the British Empire, as to Mr. Dickens' Hot Muffin and Crumplet Benevolent Baking and Punctual Delivery Company.

Mr. Timbs, F.S.A., editor of "The Year Book of Facts," "Laconica," and other useful works, is preparing for publication by subscription, a volume entitled "Curiosities of London," exhibiting the most rare and remarkable objects of interest in the metropolis. The author has spared no labour in collecting materials for this work, aided by communications from friends, as well as nearly fifty years' recollection of changes in the aspect of London. We have no doubt, from Mr. Timbs' qualifications for the work he has undertaken, that his book will be at once entertaining for reading and useful for reference. The alphabetical list of topics in the prospectus is copious and varied, though we notice one or two omissions. Thus, we have the Thames Tunnel, but not the Thames itself, without separate notice of which a book of London would appear very defective. But as we have only seen a selected list of articles, our remark may be groundless. The volume, which will be ready in January, 1855, is to consist of about 700 pages, in small octavo, the price to subscribers fourteen shillings. Mr. Bogue is the publisher.

Among the new books in the press, or preparing for publication, Messrs. Parker and Son announce a volume by William Stirling, M.P., author of "The Cloister Life of Charles V.," "Don John of

Austria, an Episode in the History of the Sixteenth Century;" "An Inquiry into the Credibility of the early Roman History," by George Cornewall Lewis, M.A.; "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," by J. A. Froude; the second and third volumes of Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of Normandy and England." The same publishers issue a prospectus of two University annuals—"Oxford Essays" and "Cambridge Essays," the former to appear at the commencement, and the latter in the spring of 1855, containing contributions by members of the last university. The volumes are intended to be "devoted principally to the discussion of literary or scientific subjects, avoiding interference with the special province of the different scientific journals, by the omission, as far as possible, of technicalities." Mr. Bentley's list contains Professor Creasy's "History of the Ottoman Empire," "Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to it," by Mrs. Young, author of some descriptive works on India; a new novel by the author of "Christie Johnstone"; M. Guizot's "History of Richard Cromwell and the Dawn of the Restoration"; the third volume of "The Memorials of Charles James Fox," edited by Lord John Russell. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce a second series of "The Romance of the Forum, or Narratives, Scenes, and Anecdotes from the Courts of Law," by Peter Burke, Esq.; "Home Life in Russia," by a Russian Noble, edited by the author of "Revelations of Siberia." Messrs. Hall, Virtue, and Co., have in the press a new volume by Dr. Cumming, "Joseph, the last of the Patriarchs;" "Lyrics of the Heart and Mind," by Martin F. Tupper; and the "Note-Book of a Young Adventurer in Australia," by William Howitt. In Constable's "Miscellany of Foreign Literature," the third volume is ready, "Tales of Flemish Life," by Hendrik Conscience; Messrs. Blackwood announce the publication in a few days of Professor Ferrier's new book of mental philosophy, "The Institutes of Metaphysics, or the theory of Knowing and Being;" also the fifth volume of Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," containing the continuation of the life of Mary Stuart.

The Rev. John Kenrick is preparing a "History of the Phenicians," a subject on which the recent researches of German scholars have thrown some new light, but which in this country has received less attention than its interest deserves.

The official report on the cause of the late explosion at Newcastle-on-Tyne, by Professor Alfred S. Taylor, who was sent down by Lord Palmerston, has just been published. Dr. Taylor has proved by careful observations and ingenious experiments that the cause of the explosion was neither gunpowder, as generally suspected, nor steam, as affirmed by local chemists, but gases produced by the combustion of sulphur and nitrate of soda. The report is a model of philosophical writing, as the previous inquiry was of scientific investigation.

The annual meeting of the five Academies (Française, des Sciences, Sciences Morales et Politiques, Beaux Arts, and Inscriptions et Belles Lettres) composing the Institute of France, was held a few days ago at Paris, and as usual attracted a large and brilliant auditory. But the proceedings were not of very great importance. Several prizes were distributed; amongst them one of 48L to M. Steinthal for a manuscript treatise on Chinese etymology, and another of 48L to M. Dessalles for one on the origin and formation of the languages of Southern Europe. Three papers were then read:—one by M. Lenormant, describing the Roman and Frank curiosities recently discovered in the department De l'Eure, already noticed by us; one by M. Franck on Sir Thomas More; and the third by M. Simart, a sculptor, on the study of the antique. The day's business concluded by Mr. Viennet, the indefatigable verse-writer (his friends call him a poet), reading a long piece of verse of his composition, in which he lashed with some vigour the French partisans of Ultramontanism, who, with ludicrous absurdity, preach up the middle ages, and denounce the enlightenment of the present century.

The two arctic expeditions hinted at in our last, and of which we did not feel ourselves at liberty to speak with certainty, have been adopted by the Admiralty, and are to be started forthwith; one, in boats, to go down the Mackenzie River in search of Captain Collinson; and the other, in canoes, to go down Back's Fish River, in search of further information and evidences as to the fate of Franklin.

A committee of naval officers is being formed for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Captain McClure, to mark the sense that the service at large entertains of his achievement in the discovery of the North-West Passage. "The completion of the last link in this discovery," says the prospectus, "that has baffled for the last four centuries the researches of so many arctic navigators, has yet been reserved for a British naval officer; who, following up the discoveries of Franklin and others on the coast of America, has united the brilliant discoveries of Parry and others, in the Eastern part of the Arctic Ocean, and thus finally accomplished this great undertaking. The subscription list of sums of two guineas and under contains already more than a hundred names. Messrs. Ommanney and Co., 40 Charing Cross, are the Treasurers.

Messrs. Didot, the well-known Paris publishers, commenced some time ago the publication in parts of a new Biographical Dictionary on a more extensive scale than any existing, and brought down to the present time. They conceived themselves entitled to make in it rather extensive quotations from the well-known "Biographie Universelle" of Michaud. This led to an action being brought against them by the owner of Michaud's Dictionary, and some very long and very harassing proceedings arose out of it. In the course of them the "glorious uncertainty of the law" was strikingly demonstrated, different courts having given different decisions. At length, however, in December, 1853, a judgment was given which appeared to satisfy all parties. But the Messrs. Didot, in the parts of their Dictionary subsequently published, again made large verbatim quotations from Michaud. A new prosecution was accordingly instituted against them by the proprietor of Michaud, and it has ended within the last few days by the condemnation of Messrs. Didot to 300 francs' fine for plagiarism, to have the parts of their work containing the piracies confiscated, and to pay such an amount of damages as the complainant may succeed in proving he has sustained. The owner of Michaud's Dictionary also complained that many articles in it had been copied without his permission into the "Dictionnaire de la Conversation," a new encyclopaedia in course of publication; but the tribunal decided that the quotations were not sufficiently numerous or important to call for fine or damages.

At the quarterly meeting of the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society last week, an interesting discussion took place in reference to the Stanley Memorial Window recently placed in Norwich Cathedral. Mr. H. Harrod contended that an undue prevalence of light blue colouring existed in the window, and produced a confusing transparency which the medieval artists sedulously avoided. There was also a want of harmony in the selection of the subjects illustrated which was much to be regretted; and the design was not justified archaeologically by the style of the architecture. The size of some of the figures was unnaturally large, and on the whole he had come, with regret, to the conclusion that the window was not an appropriate memorial of the excellent prelate in whose honour it had been erected. The Rev. J. Gunn considered that precedents were of little avail in reference to painted glass, and that the size of the space to be filled must be considered when allusions were made to the undue proportions of the figures. As to the choice of subjects, the Committee had acted wisely in discarding the awkward figures of medieval times. They might have confined themselves, however, with advantage to the works of Raphael, as subjects from the same hand would of course be distinguished by uniformity of treatment. The chairman, Sir

S. Bignold, reverting to pecuniary considerations, observed that it would be difficult to raise 1500*l.* to replace the present window; and in the meantime it would, perhaps, be better to allow the general public to indulge undisturbed in the satisfaction with which they regarded it.

On the 10th ultimo, a general congress was held of the Worcestershire, Woolhope, Cotteswold, Malvern, and Warwick Naturalists' Field Clubs. The day selected was the anniversary of the Worcester Natural History Society, and this circumstance, added to the attractions of the Museum, which was opened for the first time after its re-arrangement and recent improvements, rendered the meeting one of much interest. The Bishop of Worcester presided. After some preliminary business, Professor Phillips delivered an address on the geology of the district, and the advantages of cultivating the natural sciences. He said, that when he saw so much activity in knocking the old rocks to pieces, by everybody who wanted to build himself a house, and by every one who thought it would be a good speculation to run a railway through those hills, he could not help asking that a record might be kept of what was observed. The Malvern hills formed one of the most beautiful and singular spots in the whole world. Looking down from either side of the ridge, two eras of the world's history might be seen, containing two distinct systems of life. On the one side are the older rocks, containing the remains of a very few plants, some zoophaga, numerous crustacea, but not a single species of any organism now known; in fact, a large group of vanished life. On the east are newer rocks and deposits, the lias abounding with saurian and crocodilian remains, and the Cotteswold containing the beautiful echinodermata, and crowded with other fossils. Not one of the fossils found on the western side of these hills, as far as the borders of Wales, is ever found upon the eastern, and not one in either is the exact counterpart of anything to be found among the existing orders of creation. The Professor then spoke at considerable length on the different systems of life observable in rocks at different periods, from the Lower Silurian to the colite, and on the different theories which had been propounded to account for them. He then offered some valuable suggestions to the members of the Malvern club, pointing out various subjects which deserved their attention: those unpromising beds of black shale, where the road ran through hills at Eastnor, about the Holly-bush, in which he himself had been the first to discover life at all—a number of minute trilobites—offered a wide field for inquiry, since the proportion of species hitherto found was not equal to what might be fairly expected. The Caradoc sandstone might prove, on careful investigation, not so empty as it was supposed to be. The beds of conglomerate between the Malvern and the Abberley hills were also of peculiar interest, as they consisted of a mass of fragments of rocks, some from the Malvern and some from the Abberley hills, while others had drifted from the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, not rounded as conglomerate pebbles usually were, but angular, and striated, so as to offer evidence in support of Professor Ramsey's theory, that they were the result of ancient glaciers. Professor Phillips strongly advocated the desirability of a museum at Malvern, devoted exclusively to the geology of the district, and urged the club to undertake a local publication. A letter was then read from Sir R. I. Murchison, in which he spoke of the assistance he had received from the late Mr. H. E. Strickland, not only in the field, but in arranging the index to his great work on the Silurian System, and continued thus:—"One of my last excursions with him was when he took me to see the exact position of the black schists, or the oldest fossil-bearing Silurian rocks, in the west flank of the Malverns (schists in which Professor Phillips first detected the olenus), in which Mr. Strickland, with indomitable perseverance, had further detected the very minute crustacean, *Agnostos piriformis*. These close observations are of the highest importance, for they unequivocally identify the black schists of the Malvern hills with

the lowest zone in Sweden and Norway containing animal remains—viz., the alum slates. Now, in Scandinavia, where I have explored the alum slates, black schist is never of greater dimensions than in your Malvern hills; they repose, as I have described, on a sandstone of much more considerable dimensions, in which fucoidal impressions and casts are alone discernible; and as Professor Phillips, in his inimitable description of the Malvern and Abberley hills, has shown you that the black schists with crustaceans repose on a similar rock (Holly-bush sandstone), you have, in my opinion, the very base of all Silurian life within a short drive from the city of Worcester. Such, let me say, is the unhesitating opinion of the first of all authorities on the schist, M. Barrande, who, seeing in your Malvern schists the very same species of agnostos as in Sweden and in his own primordial zone of Bohemia (also the base of Silurian life), has desired me to state his view publicly." The aggregate meetings of the Field Clubs, which were commenced last year, will doubtless prove most beneficial in drawing together the naturalists of the district, and particularly in bringing to light the results of local inquiry and observation.

On Thursday the bronze statue of the late Duke of Wellington, executed by Mr. Adams of Chelsea, was uncovered to the public in Norwich market-place. The occasion was improved in the most orthodox fashion. The military stationed in the town fired salutes; the members of the Town Council walked in procession to the site of the statue; the city insignia were borne aloft amid an admiring crowd; and the notabilities of the district drank to the memory of the departed hero, and enlarged eulogistically on the wonderful story of his life.

The Syndicate appointed by the University of Cambridge to superintend the affairs of the Fitzwilliam Museum have just presented their annual report. Among the recent additions made to the stores of the Museum are a series of Egyptian reliques, presented by the executors of the late Rev. Dr. Mill; the lid of a sarcophagus from Azir, in Crete, and several ancient marble fragments from the same neighbourhood, presented by Commander Spratt, R.N.; eight interesting wood engravings, from mosaics, by Giotto, presented by the Council of the Arundel Society; some ornamented East Indian weapons, presented by Miss Harwood; a picture by Spagnoletti, *Jacob in Prayer*, presented by Mr. Fitzgerald of Trinity College. During the year ending April 30, 1854, 35,190 persons visited the Museum, which has been maintained for the last twelve months at a total cost of 614*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.*

A literary discovery of some interest is announced from Paris—that of the greater part of the manuscripts of the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, widow of the burlesque poet Scarron, and wife by a secret marriage of Louis XIV. What has been found is entitled 'Letter on the Education of Girls,' and 'Conversations on Education.' The two treatises are said to be remarkably well written, and to contain much shrewd observation. All that has heretofore been known of the original productions of Madame de Maintenon's pen is what has been published by La Beaumelle, but that he has taken the liberty of altering. It is M. Lavallée, author of the 'History of the French,' who has brought the new papers to light.

Among the candidates for the vacant chair of Natural History at Cork, is Mr. J. T. Syme, F.L.S. Curator to the Botanical Society of London. Mr. Syme's qualifications for the office are attested in a published list of testimonials from men eminent in different departments of Natural History. To the Botanists and Entomologists of London Mr. Syme is well known for his ardour and energy as a field naturalist, as well as for the extent of his scientific knowledge, and his zeal as a collector in various branches of Zoology.

The Gresham Lectures for Michaelmas Term have commenced at the hall in the city this week. The Latin lectures are delivered at twelve, and the English at one, the admission being free, which may perhaps partly account for the paucity of the

audience at the majority of the lectures. Professor Taylor's musical lectures commence on Friday the 23rd.

In the church of Schevarzendorf, near Bonn, there have just been discovered, beneath plaster and whitewash, a series of fresco paintings, representing the *Passion of Jesus Christ*. Although of considerable antiquity, the colours are remarkably fresh.

Professor Zahn, who has passed not fewer than fifteen years in investigating the ruins of Herculanum and Pompeii, is preparing for publication, at Berlin, the twenty-seventh and last part of his great work on the monuments discovered in those towns. The work is one of the most expensive ever published in Germany, each copy costing 300 thalers (about 46*l.*) The illustrations are coloured by a process invented by M. Zahn himself.

The Grand Exhibition of Manufactures at Munich has closed. It concluded by the distribution of 287 large medals, 1036 medals, and 1027 "honourable mentions" amongst the exhibitors.

The Rev. E. Sidney has been giving some 'Geological Lessons from Diggings in Suffolk,' to the members of the Bury St. Edmund's Atheneum.

A new piece was produced at St. James's Theatre this week, under the title of *Honour before Titles*, being an adaptation from the French, *La Poissarde*, the principal character in which is a Dame des Halles, a model of bourgeoisie worth and nobility of character. *Madeline Pailleux* (Mrs. Seymour) has educated her daughter *Aurelie* (Miss Clifford) in style far above their apparent station, her husband, *Pierre* (Mr. Toole), being only a greengrocer. The business is flourishing, and the wealth and the education of *Aurelie* render her attractive. Among her admirers is one *Gaston*, a scion of the noble house of Tourangerie, but his father forbids the match. Misfortunes and poverty come upon the Pailleux family; *Aurelie* pines in sickness, *Pierre* becomes deranged for a time, and the cheerful, bustling, shrewd *Madeline* can scarcely bear up against accumulating calamity. One *Jerome* here appears as the good genius of the play, through whom it is proved that the proud possessor of the title of the *Baron de la Tourangerie* is an impostor, and his wife an old market girl, while *Aurelie* is truly the daughter of the real baron, who had in early life deserted *Madeline*, after being legally married to her. The piece was highly successful, a result greatly owing to the admirable acting of Mrs. Seymour and Mr. Toole. The distress and vacancy of the old man in the scene where they are reduced to poverty were admirably represented by Mr. Toole, while the amusing behaviour of *Pierre* on his recovery displayed the versatility of the actor's powers.

M. Jullien's Concerts at Drury Lane have been commenced this week with brilliant success. After an absence of two seasons, the favourite provider of popular musical entertainment was welcomed on Monday evening with great enthusiasm. The orchestra does not seem quite so numerous as formerly, but it is not less efficient, and most of the well-known and able performers were at their posts. Of the Concerts in detail we cannot give a report, as the programme is changed every evening. Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, and other classical works, have been admirably performed during the week. Of more popular music, the British Army Quadrille and the American Quadrille have been enthusiastically received, solos in the latter being introduced in the form of variations of Yankee Doodle, in all possible varieties of style, from staccato and buffo to religioso and furioso. From across the Atlantic M. Jullien has brought some pleasing novelties, of which he has presented already the Valse d'Adieu, the Katydid Polka, and the Atlantic Galop. There have been admirable solo performances by Kenig, Wulff, Prospere, Beumann, Delavigne, and others, on their respective instruments, and Signor Robbio has established himself in popular favour as a violinist of remarkable power and skill. Madame Anna Thilon has been the vocalist of the week.

Mr. Cotton's musical entertainment, 'A Visit

to the Ship *Victory*, in which he gives a sketch of the life and career of Nelson, with illustrative views and songs, is a well-conceived and interesting performance, from which an evening's rational amusement may be derived.

The Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, brother of Prince Albert, has just terminated the new five-act opera, *Santa Chiara*, on which he has been engaged for some time past, and it is to be produced before long at the Court Theatre at Gotha.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ASTRONOMICAL.—(Communicated during the recess.)—‘On the Difference of Longitude between the Observatories of Brussels and Greenwich, as determined by Galvanic Signals,’ by G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal. This Memoir is divided into six sections. Section I. History and General Arrangements. The increasing importance of galvanic communication in the operations of Observing Astronomy and the completion of the line of submarine telegraph from the South Foreland to Sandgate, induced me, in the winter of 1851, to solicit the sanction of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for the establishment of a galvanic system at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, and of wires connecting it with the principal telegraph offices in London. Their Lordships were pleased immediately to grant the necessary authority; and the Directors and Officers of the South-Eastern Railway Company and of the Electric Telegraph Company gave every assistance in their power. The wires were, in consequence, laid in the summer of 1852. Although (in consequence of a change in the relations of the Telegraph Companies) these wires were not used as was at first contemplated, for communication with the Continent; yet their establishment was of great importance, as giving me communication with all parts of Britain, and as enabling me to make the proper arrangements for satisfactory use of galvanic communication by any system of wires. The first determinations of difference of longitude from Greenwich (which, as far as the galvanic operations were concerned, were perfectly satisfactory) were those of Cambridge and Edinburgh, in the summer of 1853; both which were made with these wires. In the meantime, the Submarine and European Telegraph Company had laid another system of submarine wires from the South Foreland to Ostend, communicating by the Belgian telegraph wire immediately to Brussels. They had also laid a number of subterraneous wires from their Office in Cornhill to the commencement of the submarine lines at the South Foreland. The subterraneous line passed by the side of the Dover Road across Blackheath, at a distance of less than half a mile from the Royal Observatory. Upon my making application to the Chairman and Directors of the Submarine and European Telegraph Company, permission was immediately given me to connect a wire from the Royal Observatory with one of the Company's wires. (The author then proceeds to describe the way in which this connexion was effected, not only for explanation of the course pursued in the observations detailed in the Memoir, but also for the purpose of showing the liberality with which the Company acceded to his views and the trust which they have placed in him.) The interest with which M. Arago and other members of the French Académie des Sciences had in 1851 urged the determination of their difference of longitude, and the priority of completion of the submarine telegraph to the French coast, had induced me to contemplate the investigation of our difference of longitude with Paris, as the first use to be made of our connexion with the Submarine Company's wires; and in the summer and autumn of 1853 negotiations for that purpose were in progress with the Bureau des Longitudes. These were interrupted by the illness of M. Arago and other causes. I then considered myself at liberty to commence with the longitude of Brussels; and on my communicating with M. Quetelet, I found him most anxious to proceed with the enterprise. At the representation of M. Quetelet, and with the

sanction of the Belgian Government, a wire was laid from the Telegraph Office in the *Station du Nord* at Brussels to the Observatory, and the good offices of the Telegraph Company were assured for making the wire connexions at the proper hour of the evening. A galvanic telegraph-needle was mounted in the Observatory in close proximity to the transit-clock, nearly as in the Greenwich Observatory. The signals to be made were simple deviations of the needle, produced directly by the galvanic current through the long communicating wire; and the observation was to consist merely of careful observation and register of the clock-time of each deviation of the needle. It was arranged that the observations should be divided into two series: that in the first series an observer from Brussels (M. Bouvy) should observe both the galvanic signals and the transits for correcting the transit-clock at Greenwich, while an observer from Greenwich (Mr. Dunkin) made the corresponding observations at Brussels; that this series should be continued till at least three evenings' observations, satisfactory in the determination of clock-correction, as well as in the record of the signals, should be obtained; that the observers should then be reversed, and the second series be observed in the same manner. The signals were to occupy one hour in each evening, from 10th to 11th Brussels Mean Solar Time (9th 43^m to 10th 43^m Greenwich, nearly), each hour being divided into four quarters. The contacts of wires for completing galvanic circuit were to be made at Greenwich and with a Greenwich battery in the first and third quarters, and at Brussels with a Brussels battery in the second and fourth quarters (*or vice versa*), and between the two sets of observations at each place the poles of the battery were to be reversed. It was laid down as indispensable that the persons who observed the signals should not make the contact by which the circuit is completed and the signals are given. The following was the routine of an evening's observations of signals in the first series. In the second series everything was similar, except that Brussels commenced instead of Greenwich. By “warning signals” are meant signals at intervals of 3° nearly, intended only to be counted; by “observation signals” are meant signals at intervals of 14° or 15°, intended to be accurately observed. In the first quarter of hour Greenwich gave four warning signals, as token of readiness. Brussels answered by four warning signals. Greenwich gave two warning signals, signifying “transits,” and then gave warning signals equal in number to the transits of stars observed in the last preceding evening after galvanic signals. If no transits had been observed, the two signals were omitted. Greenwich gave observation signals in groups of seven to ten in number, each group being preceded by a similar number of warning signals. In the second quarter of hour Brussels gave signals like those of Greenwich in the first quarter (omitting the four signals.) In the third quarter of hour Greenwich gave two warning signals for “transits,” and then gave warning signals equal in number to the transits of stars observed this evening. If no transits were observed, the two were omitted. Greenwich gave observation signals in groups, with warning signals as before, the poles of the battery being reversed. On the day on which, in the opinion of the Greenwich observers, the operation might properly terminate, Greenwich gave fifteen warning signals. In the fourth quarter of hour Brussels gave signals like those of Greenwich in the third quarter. The transit-clocks were corrected by two distinct methods, which were originally suggested by Professor Challis, in the operations for determining the longitude of Cambridge. In method A transits of fundamental stars were used, their right ascensions being taken for the reductions at both observatories from the Greenwich Fundamental Catalogue. The stars employed were not necessarily the same at the two observatories. For method B two lists of stars were proposed, one preceding and one following the signals. The stars' places were not supposed to be at all exact, but before using them for

correcting the clock the lists of stars observed at the two observatories were compared, and all were rejected which were observed at only one observatory. In this manner the transits of strictly the same stars were compared, and the correctness of their assumed right ascensions was unimportant. The determinations of the collimation error, level error, and azimuthal error of the transit-instruments were referred to the judgment of the superintendents of the two observatories. “I think it probable,” says the author, “that a course generally similar to that described above will be found convenient in any future operation of similar character. In the method of giving the signals, however, I have at this time (August, 1854) made a great improvement. By means of an auxiliary clock, the circuit is automatically completed, and the signal is given at every 15°, as shown by that clock. The approximate knowledge of the time of signal enables the observer to concentrate all his attention on his observation, and the difference between the rate of the auxiliary clock and the rate of the transit clock (which it is in the power of the superintendent to adjust) causes the signals to occur at different portions of the seconds shown by the transit-clock. In circumstances which permit the record of clock-seconds and observations, or signals by punctures produced by a galvanic magnet upon a revolving disk or barrel, or the transmission of transits by a galvanic wire, a simpler method may be employed.” The section closes with a brief journal of the operations.

Section II. Comparison of Observations of the Galvanic Signals by different Observers. As it was intended by the interchange of observers to eliminate the errors arising from personal equation, as well as of signal observation as of transit observation, no particular effort was made to obtain a comparison of the various modes of observation. No efficient comparison of the two real observers (Messrs. Bouvy and Dunkin) could have been made without a most inconvenient extension of the operation. A few comparisons were, however, incidentally made between the observations of Mr. Bouvy on the one hand, and those of two of the Greenwich assistants on the other. The author concludes this section with a synopsis of the mean results, and the extreme ranges on each side.

Section III. Comparisons of the Recorded Clock-Times of Galvanic Signals observed at Brussels and Greenwich, which are not accompanied with Astronomical Observations. The signals which were not accompanied by observations of transits are useless for the determination of difference of longitude. They are, however, perfectly available for determining the time occupied by the passage of the galvanic current from Greenwich to Brussels, or *vice versa*, as will appear from the following explanation of the method of treating them. In the first series, the signals of the first quarter of each hour were given exclusively by Greenwich contact near the Greenwich battery. Let t be the time occupied by the passage of the current: then, during the first quarter, the times read from the Greenwich clock will not be increased from this cause, but the times read from the Brussels clock will be increased by t . The reading of the Brussels clock is (in consequence of its eastern longitude) usually greater than that of the Greenwich clock. Suppose that the excess as unaffected by time of transmission ought to be found = E_1 , but that as affected by time of transmission it appears (on comparison of observations) to be e_1 , then the comparison of the observations of the first quarter of an hour give this equation,

$$E_1 + t = e_1$$

where E_1 and t are yet unknown. In the second quarter of each hour the signals were given exclusively by the Brussels contact near the Brussels battery. In this case the Brussels clock readings were not increased, but the Greenwich clock readings were increased by t , and therefore, the excess of the Brussels clock readings was diminished by t . Hence these comparisons give

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THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE ADMIRALTY having been pleased to direct that the *Botany of the Antarctic Voyage* should be continued and completed with Floras of New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land, instructions have been given to Dr. HOOKER to prepare these works uniformly with the *Antarctic Flora* concluded in 1847.

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Materials for this important work have been gradually accumulating since the voyages of Captain Cook, in the form of specimens and drawings, some of which have long been available to science in our Museums, although many of them have hitherto remained unpublished. Of these the most valuable are contained in the British Museum and the Herbarium of Sir W. J. Hooker, and consist of,—

1. The collections of Banks and Solander in Cook's first voyage (in 1769 and 1770), and of the Forsters in Cook's second voyage (1773 and 1777), which, together with a magnificent series of drawings, are deposited in the British Museum.
2. The plants of Mr. Menzies procured in Dusky Bay when on Captain Vancouver's voyage (1791), of which the greater part are preserved in the Hookerian Herbarium.
3. The collections of the brothers Allan and Richard Cunningham, who visited the northern parts of the Northern Island only: Allan Cunningham in 1826, and Richard in 1833. From these the 'Prodromus Flora Nova Zelandiae' of Allan Cunningham was mainly compiled. They are preserved in the Herbarium of Mr. Heward, who has liberally placed them in Dr. Hooker's hands for examination.
4. Contributions from various occasional visitors to the Northern Island between the years 1825 and 1845, especially from Mr. Frazer, Dr. Logan, Mr. Edgerley, and Mr. Stephenson.
5. Those of the Antarctic Expedition in the Bay of Islands, in 1842.
6. Very extensive collections formed on various parts of the coast and interior of the Northern Island by the Rev. W. Colenso, and Messrs. Bidwell and Dieffenbach; by the former especially, who has assiduously devoted himself to Botany during many years of Missionary labours. These explorers alone have reached the mountains and lakes in the interior of the Northern Island, and greatly enriched our Flora. Mr. Bidwell has also formed collections of great rarity and value in the northern parts of the Middle Island.
7. An extensive collection formed partly at the Bay of Islands, but especially at Banks' Peninsula on the Middle Island, by M. Raoul, during the voyage of the French frigate L'Aube, and which are catalogued in M. Raoul's 'Choix de Plantes de la Nouvelle Zélande,' with descriptions and figures of some new species. This Herbarium is preserved in the Paris Museum, from which a complete collection was transmitted to Sir W. Hooker's Herbarium.
8. Very large and valuable collections formed at the Bay of Islands and at Auckland, by Dr. Sinclair, Colonial Secretary.
9. Lastly, a beautiful and very extensive Herbarium made by Dr. Lyall, Surgeon and Naturalist of H.M. St. V. Acheron, during her survey of the coasts, especially of the Middle and Southern Islands, in 1847-51. This collection contains many important additions from Dusky Bay, which had not been visited since Vancouver's voyage; and from other ports previously unexplored. The collection of nearly 250 kinds of Seaweeds procured by Dr. Lyall is of the greatest beauty and value.

These materials give a Flora of fully seven hundred flowering-plants and ferns, including the magnificent timber-trees, pines, &c., of the Islands; and there is a greater number of Cryptogamic Plants, whose determination has been undertaken:—

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